THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE FUNDAMENTAL ISSUE

ALTHOUGH it is most probable that the rioting in Paris does not herald an immediate revolution, either of the right or of the left, and that parliamentary government will continue for some time uneasily to maintain itself in France, the outbreak of violence caused by the Stavisky affair emphasizes with blood and flame the warning which a thousand other signs of the time confirm. And that warning is not merely of concern to the French people: it is being given, in many forms, to all the nations of the western world—for which the term Christendom was once applicable, but which now has been sundered into warring fragments, because the bond of a common culture, based upon religious faith, has been broken.

For many years, even long before the World War, it was obvious to many observers who uttered warnings generally unregarded, that financial corruption in politics was doing more than any other single cause to undermine the foundations of all forms of democratic government. It was also apparent to such observers—chief among them being Pope Leo XIII—that even financial corruption in politics was merely one form of the universal social disease of greed. The poor of all nations, particularly those nations where Christianity, either Catholic or Protestant, still maintained its influence among the masses, are capable—as they have so splendidly proved—of marvelous patience. They accept hardships and even calamities with great fortitude, and do not begin to listen to agitators of violent revolution until or unless it becomes evident that they are being made the victims not merely of the risks and uncertainties which accompany all economic systems, but also of what can only be called the treachery of their political representatives and rulers, and the uncontrolled greed of the more favored and more powerful classes of society.

It was the notorious financial corruption rampant among the parliamentarians of Italy, fully as much as their inefficiency, which prepared the advent of Mussolini and Fascism. To a lesser degree, but potently, the same cause played its part in the downfall of Germany's pathetic attempt at parliamentary government. The prestige of England's parliament—long supposed to be immune from at least the grosser forms of corruption, and

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of profiteering alliances between greedy promoters and politicians— suffered most severely from such scandals as the Marconi affair, and this weakening of confidence led to the present coalition government which is far from being representative in the usual meaning of that term.

France has suffered from an incredibly long attack of the same destructive disease. The buying and selling of politicians, and of newspapers, by greedy and powerful individuals and groups, has been brazenly notorious. Up till now, however, no such figure as a Mussolini, or a Hitler, has cast his shadow upon the scene in France. The two most active forces attempting to expose the political corruption so rampant, the Royalists, led by two elderly and highly impractical literary men, Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet, and the Communists, cancel each other, so far as their ability to lead the masses of the people is concerned. They can raise riots galore, but not a real revolution. But this fact does not necessarily preclude the possibility of real revolution. The French people possess an uncanny faculty of throwing up leaders when they really begin to move into the streets and fields. And the present disturbance may penetrate from Paris to the provinces.

The mood of the French is similar to that which millions of Americans have felt, and still feel, as the general misery of the depression has been almost obscenely emphasized by revelation after revelation of political corruption and almost fantastic greed. For us, most fortunately, that mood has been given a channel of relief because of the complete conviction which the majority of Americans feel that the present government is not merely intent upon dealing with the depression itself, in terms of economic and political relief, but that it has a fundamental moral purpose. The spirit of the new deal is thus even more important than its various acts. It is answered by the reawakened spirit of the people. The two forces are in cooperation. Whether or not the forces of greed and corruption are too powerful to be overcome, remains an open issue, with us, as with the rest of the world. But the battle is joined, and the next few years will see the issue decided.

WEEK BY WEEK

PASSAGE of the Gold Reserve Act had been followed by a general fairly sharp rise in stocks, bonds and commodities. This rise is what the administration desires. The principal document concerning Mr. Roosevelt's plans is still the address of October 22, 1933, in which he said that money was to be stabilized only when prices were sufficiently high and then only in order to keep them high. Whereas the orthodox believed solely in "reflationary" methods—i.e., writing off private indebtedness while increasing the use of public funds—the unorthodox were after an out-and-out government control of money which would enable them to use credit as large numbers of citizens, especially the farmers, wanted it to be used. There is little doubt that either method would succeed, "reflation" doing the job slowly but safely, inflation accomplishing it as a dizzy but expensive and dangerous bound. The President seems to have sought a compromise between the two. Various expedients have been inflationary in tendency, but so far they have been halted inside the realm of psychology. Some have probably added more to the mirth of the nation than to its prosperity; others have been decidedly worth trying and seem to have helped. It is still too early to say whether people with money have been sufficiently frightened to effect their conversion from cash to credit, but there has undoubtedly been a gradually strengthened tendency in that direction.

Which Way Money?

THROUGHOUT the whole of this development political pressure has no doubt done most of the work. That is true everywhere. Mussolini's "corporate state" looks very novel on paper, but the actual content of that state has been determined by those to whom even Mussolini must listen. Here the tug of war between different groups in Congress has been just as intense and bitter, although universal willingness to accept the President as arbiter veiled some of the combats. It is pretty evident that to date none got all it wanted, and that all received something. The Gold Reserve Act has been widely heralded as a kind of final settlement of the controversy. With money worth about three-fifths of its former self in theory, the government has indicated what money should be in commodities and goods. If wish and fact turn out to be one, all is well. But if not—and the evidence, for various reasons, is pretty much on the side of the "nots"—we shall have more tugs of war. The markets are at present optimistic, but a market is, one need hardly say, the most feminine thing in economics.

One Word More

PUBLIC interest in the issues raised by the recent birth control discussions in Washington continues to be manifested in the correspondence columns of the metropolitan papers. Every sort of belief and opinion has been voiced—including, we are happy to say, the beliefs and opinions of a number of informed and articulate Catholic laymen and laywomen. Considering the run of the letters from the advocates of birth control, we feel an old perplexity rise within us: a perplexity as to the mental processes by which good and intelligent people accept short cuts to utopia. These are often men and women

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of superior intelligence and manifest good-will. Granting that they cannot follow the full Catholic argument against contraception, there are merely natural and human considerations which one would think it almost impossible for a balanced and uncorrupted intelligence to get over. Birth control is not, on the one hand, the *sine qua non* of a campaign for social justice and individual rights; one may believe passionately in, and work dedicatedly for, these things without it. And, on the other hand, it violates that deep and intuitive common sense about life that tells each one of us what the rules are and how the proportions lie. Any normally shrewd person should see through its mistake about sex instinctively, merely from what he knows about the laws of experience. He should see that its feeling about human life itself, in whatever lofty cause that feeling may be enlisted, is, if not dehumanized, then abysmally unawakaned.

IT teaches that sex, the vehicle for the perpetuation of life, can be captured and artificially subordinated, with no sort of penalty, physical or psychological; that those tremendous impulses which nature has sown deeply within men to insure that their kind shall endure, can be canalized at will and without cost to serve the motive of pleasure. Much has been said in defense of this as beautiful and liberating, and in excoriation of it as immoral. But surely, right or wrong, it is phoney. There is something queer about it, in precisely the same way as there is something queer about the offer of the book agent to give you the whole set free of charge, or the offer of the horse trader to throw in the colt for nothing. Anyone who seriously believes these things is too innocent to go through life unguarded. And if birth control does not know what human sex is, still less does it comprehend what human life is. It envisages human life —the triumph of the universe, the trophy of the fearful and everlasting struggle of nature—as actually working for, actually rejoicing in, its own diminution. That is the birth controller's crusade: those are the terms of his victory—that he has found a way to extirpate the seed of life as though it were the seed of death. Not for a moment do we deny that many of these people love children; or that their social impulses are compassionate, or their argument sound, as far as it goes, when they say that the child already born has a right to food and care and a chance. But at their very highest, their willingness to contract the generous, life-giving impulse to themselves and those whom they certify, their nightmarish readiness to condemn—not, in the first place, greed and monopoly—but "superfluous humanity," "overpopulation," "extra mouths," shows that they have never acquired the most rudimentary sense of what it all means. For human life is not something to be academically debated about, defended by arguments drawn from convenience, turned on and off like water in the tap. It is the gift of gifts. At its meanest, it is an incomprehensible prodigy. And we are all its inheritors and custodians. The multiplication of the personalities and the possibilities of men is the earth's great glory. The turning against life is the ultimate treason. That those whose choice it was—or whose destiny it should be—to hand it on personally, can be taught not to do so, is surely the sorriest theme for a song of triumph in all recorded history.

What Are the Missions?

MANY thousands of people went to see the Bishop Dunn Memorial Mission Exposition in New York, and we venture to think that every one of them enjoyed the visit. There has always been, there always will be, something glamorous about the apostolate to strange lands. Adventure? Yes, but of a kind which engages body, mind, heart and soul. The Mission Press, operated by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word at Techny, Illinois, have now made it possible to study the missionary enterprise as a whole by publishing translations of two standard works by Joseph Schmidlin, D. D. "Catholic Mission Theory" is a systematic discovery, elucidation and summary of the premises upon which the apostolate of the Church rests and of the purposes it has in mind. "Catholic Mission History" is a compendious survey of the record. Each book sells for $5 and is a large enough volume to keep one reading for a good while. We hope to have something further to say about them at a later date. Meanwhile it may help to tell friends of the missions that they exist and that there is nothing comparable to them for solid information.

Cardinal Faulhaber

WE HAVE not yet received copies of all the Advent addresses delivered by Cardinal Faulhaber, which eventually earned for him the honor of having his windows smashed by Nazi pistol shots. But from what has come we judge that these sermons constitute the bravest commentary yet made on the ideology which has blossomed in Herr Hitler's back yards. Without losing the thread of discourse intended to vindicate the spiritual, moral and social values of the Old Testament, he introduced so telling a commentary on what now often passes in his country as "true German idea" that even a listener who wanted to please his sense of humor might have enjoyed himself. This example set by a fearless bishop, against whom no reproach has ever fairly been uttered except that he did not know when to seek cover, should have some value in America. Far too many persons

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here have been induced by the mawkishness of some current Jewish propaganda into a kind of reaction in favor of the Nazis. The issue at stake is really not whether this or that Jew in the United States has shed too many tears in public, or whether race prejudice instincts are sometimes "natural." It is rather the preservation of the liberty of conscience, as a whole and in part, throughout central Europe. Hitherto the spectacle of German history has, on the whole, reinforced the attitude of all sincere believers in legitimate freedom. Today it no longer does so, and therewith has been conjured up a dark hour in the history of man.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA of New York has suggested a high school devoted to art and music and his suggestion has received such enthusiastic support that a materialization of the plan is expected in the near future. The present system of giving art and music lessons once a week to all students, the mayor holds to be wasteful of the time of those not interested and of little value to those who are. This theory of pedagogy, of course, is not a new one; it was only a short time ago that it was a much discussed one with regard to the classics. The probabilities are that it cannot be settled by a resounding absolute and in a world that is not yet nor probably ever will be quite regimented, the theory is subject to mobile ratios and proportions and the resultant will be a resultant of human forces, of heart hungers and enterprise. There can be little doubt that beauty in the United States since Civil War times and the triumph of industrialism has been held to be only a matter of marginal importance in our lives; the physical scene of our manner of living—the signs by which archeologists of centuries hence, say, would judge our civilization—has at the very least not been a thing of much beauty.

Art in Life

ADMITTING that this phase of mass forces has resulted in lifting the average of physical standards of living, yet we have in the past decade seen it reach the stage of overdevelopment, of overproduction so that staples are being destroyed by government subsidy and manufacturing plants are operating far below their capacities. Economists frequently have said that the thing needed to break our social order out of this vicious circle of underconsumption of the goods we are equipped to produce, is a new discovery, a new invention that would create new factories, more employment, put more money in circulation and start the old order over again. This suggestion, however, is largely hypothetical and presumptive. Whether human nature is headed in that direction, or would want to be, can only be guessed at. Personally some of us may harbor a feeling in agreement with the editorial in the New York *Times* which spoke of the plan for the new high school showing "a gratifying appreciation for real values" and identifying "the prime motive of all man's excellence" with "art which devotes itself to beauty." If a social demand for beauty can by various means be developed, which will permit those who devote laborious days to art to have a fair expectation of being able to patronize those who by preference devote themselves to bread and steel, we may hope to see the invention the economists desire in another guise than that of another machine.

IT IS evident that, sooner or later, everyone will have to declare himself on the subject of the sea serpent of Loch Ness, in Scotland. Not merely because it has been made the subject of parliamentary allusion, but chiefly because the stories about it emanate from such very different people that their combined effect is becoming a general challenge. That inhabitants of the loch country profess to have seen this beast—described as unlike anything else in modern ken, huge, humped or frilled and generally "prehistoric"—would not in itself unsettle those of severely critical canons of judgment. A certain creative margin is automatically conceded to the owner of an old manse and the native of an old countryside. It was when the monster began to appear to outsiders—like the ghost in "Hamlet"—that the trouble started. The crew of a ship have viewed it quite close, so they say. The members of a scientific expedition sent up to see about it, have described it, and show actual photographs—said, it is true, to be blurred, though the hump is still splendidly clear. And next, four Benedictine Fathers have declared that they too have beheld the creature. That shakes us a good deal, we confess at the risk of eliciting the charge of *parti pris*. It seems to us weirdly unlikely that monks would either imagine or invent such a story. Even the scepticism of the last commentator to date—Dr. Raymond Ditmars of New York, perhaps the most famous specialist on reptiles in the world—cannot effectually dispel our growing credulity. Dr. Ditmars's position, as we understand it, is that *if* the monster existed, it would be tropical, and *if* it were tropical, it could not live in cold northern waters. With the abysmal respect of those who know practically no biology for those who know all there is to know, we do not see why a biological order that is marked by mysterious triumphs of adaptation,—that puts mammals among the fish, for example, where they have no logical business to be—would boggle at dropping an equatorial boojum into Scotia's chill waters, and making him like it.

Monstrum Informe, etc.

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LECTURING remains a favorite American pastime, with the emphasis now gradually passing to economic and social discussion. Partly for the advantage of the public and partly as a means of aiding its own work, the National Catholic School of Social Service —relying upon the energy and devotion of its alumnae—is sponsoring a program of addresses in New York during the coming months. The dates extend from February 18 to March 24, inclusive; the scene is the auditorium of the New York Foundling Hospital, between Lexington and Third Avenues. A bevy of Catholic orators has been secured, including Monsignor John A. Ryan, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes and Miss Jane Hoey. Present-day problems will be discussed, although each speaker ranges in a separate field. We commend the program to our readers, particularly since the work of the School of Social Service is of the greatest importance. Arrangements can be made, in New York, by calling Rhinelander 4-1062.

A Social Service School Program

IT SEEMS to us that Mr. James K. Shields, the state superintendent of the Anti-saloon League of New Jersey, raises an unwarranted question regarding the dinner given by the Spirits Club at the Roosevelt Hotel in honor of the President's birthday, and for the benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation. Quoting, in the *Herald Tribune,* the Club's announcement that the dinner was to be given "in the hope for the continued success of his [the President's] constructive labors in the interest of our industry," Mr. Shields says: "When personal donations are given to a public official for services rendered and to be rendered, we call it one thing; but when they are given to a pet object of the 'benefactor' to show their gratitude for services for which they would not dare to offer it personally, and which they would not have given [sic] had not the services been rendered, is it honest to call it by another name?" We have no call to defend the Spirits Club, whose advertisement might have been worded with more taste. But, even so, surely Mr. Shields misses the point. What he is talking about, we take it, is bribery; and bribery involves an agreement between him that gives and him that takes. We are sure Mr. Shields does not believe that Mr. Roosevelt promoted repeal because of what the liquor industry would do for his pet philanthropy; or that the liquor industry has reason to believe that a good round sum to Warm Springs will induce future administration favors. The liquor industry was not making a return for any favors, past or to come. It was giving thanks for the restoration of a right.

Dona Ferentes

POPULATION PROBLEMS

WHEN a race dies out, the sociological structure under which that race lived is thereby condemned. It is a curious fact, for example, that the Irish in both England and the United States are diminishing in number. The time may come when an O'Malley or an O'Sullivan will be something like a museum specimen. All commentators on this phenomenon agree that the cause is the city. Irish immigrants to both countries settled in metropolitan areas, where increasing and multiplying are instincts that do not do more than survive. Lay celibacy and family limitation are imposed by conditions against which the individual may protest but to which the group succumbs.

On the other hand, a race wedded to the soil may take root and flourish like the green bay tree. Many examples can be found in all parts of the world—in Poland, in the German provinces east and northeast of Regensburg, and even in some parts of the United States. The best instance is, however, the record of French Canada. We have just received a communication on the subject from Mr. W. L. Scott, K. C., of Ottawa, which throws so much new light on this record that we are sure this is the right place to quote from it and add a few random comments.

"In 1890, the Quebec legislature passed an act providing for the payment of a cash gratuity, or the granting of an area of land, to fathers residing in the Province of Quebec and having twelve or more living children," writes Mr. Scott. "In 1904 the Quebec government published an alphabetical list of the names and addresses of 3,395 such fathers. In 1906 a supplementary report was published bringing the record down to July 1, 1905, and adding 2,018 names, making in all 5,413 families with twelve or more living children." Since it is fair to assume that some were overlooked while many others came close to the family size stipulated by the law, the picture one gets is of a population increasing by veritable leaps and bounds.

Such is really the case. To quote Mr. Scott: "At the census of 1901, the population of the Province of Quebec was 1,648,898. The act referred to above was repealed in 1905 and it is stated that many applications were received too late to participate in its benefits. There must also have been many persons eligible for the grant who abstained from replying, especially those in better circumstances. By the tithe system in force in Quebec, the farmer is bound to give every twenty-sixth bushel of grain to the curé, and large families were, in early days, sufficiently numerous to have led to a well-established custom according to which the curé was to adopt the twenty-sixth child and make himself responsible for its education. The Honorable Gédéon Ouemet, who was Pre-

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mier of Quebec in 1870, was a twenty-sixth child, and he has related how he was put through college and educated for the legal profession by his curé, by reason of the poverty of his parents.

"Whether such very large families are still so numerous in Quebec I cannot say, but as recently as 1922 I happened to see in a Montreal paper an account of the baptism of the thirty-sixth child of a local baker. It was stated that he had been twice married and had had thirteen children by his first wife and twenty-three by his second.

"At the census of 1931, the total population of Canada was 10,376,786, of whom 4,285,388 were Catholics and 2,927,525 were of French Canadian origin. The general birth-rate, regardless of racial origin, was 23.2 per thousand, while the birth-rate among those of French Canadian origin was, in the whole of Canada, 31.4 and, in Quebec, 31.9. As the result of their fecundity, the French Canadian population has grown from 75,000 at the Conquest in 1760 (60,000 in Quebec and 15,000 in the Maritime Provinces) to probably at least 4,000,000 at the present time (2,270,059 in Quebec, 657,466 in other Canadian provinces, and 380,835 emigrants in the United States)." The census returns for 1931 also tell us that 100 children born during that year were the "twentieth or over" offspring of one mother, which is not a bad record for this age!

Mr. Scott has also made some special study of the 1914 list of fathers to whom aid was granted. Some interesting facts are brought to light, for instance, the circumstance that families of nineteen, twenty and even twenty-two children were born of one mother. In so far as the number of living children is concerned, Mr. Scott writes: "Of the two families which had twenty children (in both cases, all of one mother), one had twelve living and the other seventeen. Of the two who had twenty-two children, one had twelve living and the other thirteen. The one who had twenty-four children had twenty living. But the one who had thirty-six children had only twelve living." In view of the fact that medical care in all these cases was probably not of the best or latest variety, the vitality of mothers and children is truly remarkable. Such a race could not be stamped out by even worse afflictions than raw Canadian winters.

What causes underlie this extraordinary development? There is first of all the power of religious and moral conviction. "New France" was founded in the belief that in a northern wilderness, where there was almost limitless room for development, there could be built up a civilization free of the tares from which the mother country, even under the old régime, was obviously suffering. Every immoral influence was sternly ruled out; and the clergy, as intellectual and spiritual governors of the province, nurtured the faithful in Christian and Stoic ways. Such a power all students of the race problem, whether or not they profess a creed, deeply respect. In Germany Burgdorfer has shown by comparative study of a number of districts that the influence of the Church is directly visible in the size of families. Westphalian farm provinces inhabited by Catholics unfailingly keep up the largest birth-rate in the country.

Nevertheless the conditions must be such as to permit a successful appeal to moral sanctions. It is now perfectly obvious the world over that population tends to increase only in rural districts, and that the cities cannot even maintain themselves. This does not, of course, mean that the towns are more irreligious than the country. Such conclusions are easy to jump at, but they are almost demonstrably false. In the United States it would have been difficult to conserve the faith of many Catholics if migration had, in view of the dearth of priests, carried the majority to the agricultural frontier. Protestants made a good showing because the ministry in the Baptist and Methodist Churches required no special theological training or way of life. Nevertheless today few observers doubt that Catholicism is incomparably the strongest religious force in American life.

But country conditions do not favor lay celibacy and childlessness. Life on the farm would be almost unbearable if there were no family circle; and rural economics eliminates most of the high cost of children. In the city, however, financial and personal advantages come to those who remain single or at least as unencumbered as possible. Surveys indicate the growing disposition of professional women to hold aloof from matrimony, and to a considerable extent men have followed suit. The result is that married men with families are penalized, often severely. Success or failure may be determined by the domestic load which a salary or wage earner must carry, especially during his earlier years. And so we cannot expect that a Catholic urban population in the United States will do much better than survive, while a Catholic peasant population in Canada waxes stronger and stronger.

Doubtless some remedial measures could be taken. We are badly in need of a sociology which studies ways and means to effect better adjustment between the city and the family. If that cannot be found, sober common sense suggests trying everything possible to effect a "back to the farm" movement. The idea would not, of course, be to establish a kind of high pressure incubator of future Catholics. Birth-rates like those which have been recorded in Canada are unthinkable in these modern United States. But we might give people a chance to lead normal wedded lives without fear and with happiness.

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THE WAR ON THE ARMS INDUSTRY

By F. C. HANIGHEN and H. C. ENGELBRECHT

Manufacturing and selling arms is an enterprise which supplies a good many people with the necessities and comforts of life, despite all efforts by peace groups to render it unpopular. In the following paper, based on materials collected for a book soon to be published, a summary of the world-wide armament industry is offered. The authors sketch the activities of the leading manufacturers and outline the suggestions put forward to control the trade by the League of Nations conference and other groups.—The Editors.

IT IS a curious fact that, generally speaking, the most sensational matters in regard to the armament industry are the least important politically. It is, for instance, sensational front page news in American newspapers when French Socialists charge the French armament king, Schneider, with selling 400 tanks to the Hitler government via Holland; but the military and naval budgets of France, Germany and England are far more important from the point of view of international peace than this extraordinary news item. It is astounding to know that crack American army fliers are hired by American airplane manufacturers to demonstrate and sell their planes in China; but it is far more ominous that President Roosevelt insists on a $238,000,000 building program for naval expansion.

The evolution of the armament business generally follows that of any great capitalistic enterprise. At first the home market is cultivated, then exports to other countries are begun, and finally branch factories are established in such places where prospects are favorable. Naturally enough, when branch factories are established, the statistics of exports decline. These branch factories and the home market, which remains the most important outlet, are the two greatest sources of armaments. Yet they do not appear at all in the statistics of international commerce. The League of Nations statistics on the export of arms show an international sale of only 3 percent of total production, demonstrating conclusively that home markets and branch factories account for the major percentage of world armaments.

A perfect illustration of this is found at present in the American airplane makers. After the disastrous experiences of the World War with the De Haviland 4 "flaming coffins," the industry evolved rapidly with government encouragement. China proved to be a promising field of export, and for a time the Chinese bought American airplanes and were trained by American pilots. This also showed in the export figures of the United States. Recently the Curtiss-Wright factory has announced that it is erecting a $5,000,000 factory in Hangchow which will supply all needed planes to the Nanking government. The business of the American airplane makers will increase, but it will no longer show in export figures.

France is perhaps the most important arms-making country in the world and is second in the steel industry. The powerful Comité des Forges, the French steel trust, is closely allied with the arms industry; likewise with the government. Every kind of armament is made in France, from airplanes and artillery to submarines and complete battleships. The Schneider group of industrialists dominates the industry, while Hotchkiss is also powerful. Schneider's factories are at Havre, Creusot, Chalons-sur-Saone and Londe-les-Maures. Submarines are made at Creux-Saint-Georges near Toulon, and artillery parts at Bordeaux.

The greatest and most important customer of the French arms industry is its own government. By increasing her armaments, fortifying her frontier and defending her seaboard France seeks to achieve a sense of security. Since the war all arms have been kept strictly up-to-date, huge airplane fleets assembled, tanks multiplied, and chemical warfare highly developed. Every foot of her long frontier line she considers a danger point. Belgium is a friend, but in 1914 it served as the back door into France; Germany can never be trusted; Swizerland has been spoken of as another back door; and Mussolini's Italy is too ambitious and jealous to be safe as a neighbor. Over a billion francs has been spent in drawing a steel and cement chain along the eastern border of France. Then there are 2,700 kilometers of undefended seaboard, not to mention Corsica and the North African colonies. The movement to invest a few hundred million as an "insurance premium" in fortifying these frontiers is gaining steadily.

Foreign trade in arms, meanwhile, is about 15 to 20 percent of the total production. Much of this goes to France's satellites and "protectorates" in Central and Eastern Europe. Trade with her colonies is strictly confined to French companies. Thus it is evident that the chief market of the French arms industry is the home country.

Skoda, the French-controlled arms company of Czechoslovakia, may well be considered a branch factory of Schneider. This company was formerly the leading armament firm of Austria-Hungary. With the break-up of the empire, business headquarters were moved from Vienna to Prague while its chief factories are in Pilsen.

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The various succession states which supplanted the dual monarchy are largely under French tutelage. So it is only natural that a French branch factory in Czechoslovakia should supply most armaments to the Little Entente and to Poland. Skoda's home market is comparatively small. More than any other arms-producing country, with the possible exception of Sweden, Czechoslovakia depends on exports. At least 40 percent of Skoda's manufactures go to other countries. The export of arms constitutes 10 percent of the total exports of Czechoslovakia. As Skoda is establishing subsidiaries in other Central European countries, these export figures may be expected to drop—another illustration of the branch factory absorption of markets.

Great Britain's arms industry is a close second to that of France. It is centered in the great Vickers-Armstrong firm and in allied powerful combines. Vickers-Armstrong is probably the largest single armament company in the world. It produces all manner of arms and appears to be taking the lead in military airplanes, tanks and machine guns. One reason for this dominant position of the British arms industry is its virtual monopoly of British colonial and dominion trade. Canada buys largely from the United States, but other dominions and colonies secure from 60 to 95 percent of their war materials from Great Britain.

Only about 10 percent of the total British production of arms is exported. Branch factories in many countries help to keep this total low. About 90 percent of production is sold to the home government or to the British possessions. Hence the British arms industry continues to follow its tried and tested policy of maintaining close relations with the government. High army and navy officials find cosy chairs waiting for them in directors' offices when they retire from service, and the stockholders, of which Vickers has 80,000, include Cabinet and Parliament members, clergymen, publicists and other influential people.

Italy, too, has developed its own armament industry since the close of the war. Previous to 1914 Italy was dependent on other countries for her arms, and the British in particular had important branch factories in the country. Due to Mussolini, this situation has changed. Not only are the Italians supplying more of their own arms, but they are even exporting war materials. Since France has been looked upon as a dangerous rival, the Italian frontier has been heavily fortified at enormous expense, and like France Italy has its best market for armaments at home.

It is interesting to note, however, that following the lead of other countries Italy has tried to arm her friends, particularly Hungary. This is contrary to the Treaty of Trianon and has led to several international "incidents," which aroused so much discussion that the preponderance of the Italian home market has been somewhat obscured. In the St. Gothard incident a trainload of arms destined for Hungary was discovered and then apparently deserted, since the shipper was unknown. In the Hirtenberg affair Mussolini succeeded in getting a large consignment of guns and machine guns as far as Hirtenberg in Austria, whence they were to be trans-shipped by van to Hungary. The French and British governments protested to Austria (not Italy!) and the arms were returned to Italy. Many other Italian shipments into Hungary were not discovered, and Hungary today is by no means a disarmed country.

The Belgian arms industry is very old, among the oldest in Europe. It specializes in small arms and machine guns. A curious sidelight on Belgium's international trade in arms was recently revealed, when it was found that the machine gun used in the Urschel kidnaping case had been imported from Belgium. The Department of Justice agents declared at the time that since the American manufacturers of machine guns had cooperated with the government in keeping their wares from the gangsters, the Belgians had stepped in and supplied the demand. This romantic story, however, should not obscure the fact that the home market of the Belgian arms makers is extensive and profitable, particularly since Belgium, too, has followed the lead of France and Italy in expending huge sums for frontier fortification.

In the United States there is no single armament company comparable to the great European combines. Instead there are hundreds of smaller companies capable of producing war materials. Some of them produce armaments in peace time together with many other products, others can quickly be remodeled for arms production. During the World War the War Department signed over 100,000 contracts with private companies for war supplies, and today 15,000 factories are enlisted in the program of "industrial mobilization."

The outstanding arms and munitions companies of the United States are the DuPont Company and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation with its subsidiaries. DuPont supplied about 80 percent of all gunpowder ever used by the United States government throughout its entire history. In peace time only about 2 percent of its total production is in military products, but in war time it can produce hundreds of millions of pounds of powder in a year, as it demonstrated in the World War. Du Pont has branch factories in Mexico, Chile and Canada and is establishing one in Czechoslovakia.

The exports of the American arms industry amount to about $15,000,000 a year, a very small percentage of total production. These exports are made up chiefly of airplanes and airplane motors, machine guns and ammunition. The airplane makers are planning a branch factory in China and have already established one in Russia.

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Thus it is evident that the sale of arms to the home governments and the establishment of branch factories in smaller countries are much more important than exports. These two items account for about 90 percent of all armament sales in times of peace. Naturally the situation is quite different in war time. In war it would be impossible to carry on a protracted conflict without purchases from other countries.

Now the two outstanding proposals that have been advanced to eliminate the arms industry as a danger to peace are nationalization and international control. Are they adequate remedies for the existing evils?

Government ownership of the armament industry is frequently and strongly advocated by many peace groups. The advantages of this move are at once clear. Arms merchants would no longer be among the forces that foment war. Bribery of government officials for the purpose of receiving arms contracts would be eliminated. Ownership and influencing of the press on the part of the arms makers, which has played such a sinister rôle in stirring up public opinion in favor of war, would cease. In various other and minor ways the situation would be better. But it is difficult to see, in view of nationalist and chauvinistic attitudes among most peoples, how this move would reduce military budgets in peace times or would solve the problem of international sales in war time.

In peace time, then, government ownership would be quite unlikely to reduce armaments appropriations; and, since only a few nations at present produce arms, nationalization would virtually imply the building of arms factories in many countries where they do not exist and the globe would be dotted with armament plants. In war time the problem would be even more complicated.

Nationalized arms industries could not, according to the present status of international law, sell to belligerents without committing a breach of neutrality. This embargo on war materials to belligerents has all the earmarks of being the cure-all long sought for by pacifists. But, on closer examination, it seems highly improbable that it would be put into effect and one can easily foresee such great opposition that international law would have to be modified to permit sales to belligerents.

No modern war has been waged without very considerable international sale of arms, for no country possesses enough of all raw materials used in the manufacture of arms and munitions to carry on a protracted struggle. Furthermore, modern scientific arms are produced by only ten or twelve nations in the world. Fully aware of this, the non-producing countries have insisted in various treaties and even in the Covenant of the League of Nations that their supply of armaments must not be cut off, either in peace or in war. In case of nationalization, the small non-producing countries would undoubtedly establish arms factories within their borders and import raw materials. Thus government ownership promises very little for world disarmament and peace.

The other important proposal advanced for the solution of the problem is international control. Several equivocal efforts in this direction have been made. The Brussels Convention of 1890, for instance, prohibited the export of arms to all of Africa. This was said to be in the interest of the suppression of the slave trade. It probably was. At the same time it was obviously a selfish measure of the great imperialist powers to keep modern war machines out of their colonies and to hold them in submission.

Not much more can be said for the Convention of Saint-Germain-en-Laye of 1919. This treaty obviously grew out of the fears of the great powers as to the disposal of the enormous stock of arms and munitions after the war. These arms must by all means be kept out of the hands of rebels and revolutionists in colonies and mandates. The treaty laid down the principle that arms could be sold only to recognized governments of another state. At the same time it extended the "prohibited zones" of the Brussels Treaty to the Asiatic Near East. This convention was signed by twenty-three states and ratified by eleven. It never went into effect, because the great arms-producing countries had all stipulated that they must ratify in a body or not at all. The United States refused to ratify, because the supplying or withholding of arms has for long been one of the means by which it could make or break governments in South and Central America, and it had no desire to relinquish this easy method of political control. The barely concealed purpose of the Saint-Germain Convention was to protect the great powers in the possession of their colonies and mandates.

The next move was made by the League of Nations. In 1925 it called a conference "for the supervision of the international trade in arms and ammunition and in implements of war." Forty-four states were represented at the conference. The old provisions of "prohibited zones" and "legal buyers" were reaffirmed with modifications and an attempt was made to secure adequate statistics of arms exports in place of the utterly unreliable reports now published by the League. The ratification of all important arms-producing countries was again made a prerequisite for adoption, with the result that the treaty is not yet in force.

At the conferences from which these treaties spring, attention is centered on the peace-time international sale of armaments, and nothing is said about the much more important problem of war sales. Disarmament can best be attained by reduction of military expenditures in time of peace, and by establishing a complete embargo of arms to all belligerents in time of war.

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FATHER HUDSON

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE REVEREND DANIEL E. HUDSON, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, died without any great tribute of publicity. This is exactly the quiet he would have desired; and yet one can't help thinking that the fact as such is a severe indictment of ourselves. It is easy to misuse the term, "great man." But I have met no one who possessed either his keenness of mind or his regal classicism of action. Certainly there have been few in American Catholic life to compare with him. The fifty years during which the *Ave Maria* was under his direction constitute the longest sustained effort in religious journalism, and what remains of them *is Father Hudson* to an extent which no writing about him can ever be.

My first meeting with him grew out of relatively peculiar circumstances. His chief assistant was seriously ill, and help for the magazine was needed. Some time previous I had sent him a little paper; and it was evidently this which induced him to invite me, a layman and a total stranger, to become his "editorial staff." Most of my professorial duties at Notre Dame were abandoned, and I virtually dedicated myself to the "old man." There he was—a frail, white-bearded monk well past seventy, who with a smile lorded it over the three tidy rooms which contained his books, his sleeping quarters and above all his chairs. These were doubtless the closest imitations he could find in the West of those straight-backed wooden things so popular in New England. In one of them (which he particularly loved, because it was dangerously old) he invariably sat, reading the proofs which had so long been his chief penance. Articles were always rewritten in that office, to conform with very rigid standards of English diction. Sometimes, indeed, so little of the original survived that the author's name was the chief part of what he had originally submitted. Father Hudson hated "cannot" as one word nearly as much as he despised Satan, and he punctuated with an exactness too minute for my comprehension.

At any rate, there he sat and there I sat, day after day, night after night. It is probable that no one ever saw more of what he had tried to do and be than did I. The fact that all this should have been so is curious. Perhaps the underlying accord was due to my need, as a young man, of just such a priest. Upon me whose dictional formula insisted upon torrential rains of metaphors and color phrases he clamped a discipline of spareness under which I fairly groaned. A few pages of short, crisp editorials were then the most widely read part of the magazine, and it devolved upon me to attempt saying something in 150 words. Success was by no means immediate or constant, but from the beginning he seemed to believe that every scrap I wrote was far more interesting and important than anything he himself contributed. Fortunately he didn't fool me. Though deficient in other respects, I knew when he had unwittingly allowed me to indite something unintentionally a bit shady. Thus once we ran a laudatory review of James Gibbons Huneker's autobiography—a column of eulogistic prose useful to the publisher but productive of irate and pained letters to the editor of the *Ave Maria*. But Father Hudson never batted an eye. Having chosen me he was resolved to stick by me, in a spirit worthy of Christian matrimony.

He himself operated chiefly with warm friendliness and its opposite. For people and things he admired, there was a generous affection often truly sacrificial. Thus I have known him to begin corresponding with individuals, famous or otherwise, who had submitted an attractive manuscript. Seeing that his letters were written late at night, when the grind was over, and always in longhand, the recipients got more than they realized. On the other hand, he could be as hard as adamant and as malicious as—well, let us say Saint Jerome. During the war he refused to admit that Germany was the monstrous bogy visualized by the propagandists, and no threat could induce him to budge one inch from that position. When a certain clergyman wrote him lengthy letters of remonstrance, he returned them with rejection slips attached. Once a would-be priest-poet complained bitterly that his verse had not been reviewed. Thereupon Father Hudson wrote the following notice: "Father So-and-So's verse has now been collected from various magazines and published. Those who enjoyed these poems when they appeared serially will like them in book-form."

From the literary point of view he was the essence of his native New England. Nothing could have induced him to swerve from his allegiance to Longfellow, whom he had known; and I think there was too much imagery in Francis Thompson for his taste. What he particularly delighted in was the apothegm, and he knew the literature of this form as well as anybody has ever know it. Few men I have met were so passionately fond of old books, and he taught me to like second-hand catalogues almost better than anything else in print. Often he would insist upon bestowing undeserved "rewards" in the form of "antiquary items"; and so I acquired first editions

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of nearly all Pater books—from him who cared not a whit for Walter Horatio and his tribe.

His own literary memories included every writer who had ever come to Notre Dame. And many did come, among them practically none minus the sense to see that this little recluse was so far and away the best thing on the premises that the rest of it could go hang while they talked with him. There were first of all the Catholic celebrities of yore—Charles Warren Stoddard, Maurice Francis Egan, Orestes Brownson, Marion Crawford, Robert Hugh Benson, Cardinal Gasquet. But there were also many not of the fold, and many who have been covered by forgetfulness excepting for his memory of them. Among them all was none who had so engrossed and charmed him as Stoddard, whose trial-laden later years are recorded in the correspondence which Father Hudson carefully preserved. During the 1890's the *Ave Maria* was unquestionably the finest Catholic literary periodical in the English language, and I should say that all the volumes between 1885 and 1905 are indispensable sources of information. Afterward conditions were no longer so favorable, though there were times when the little magazine—so modestly and unfailingly attired in blue—was as intelligent and helpful as anything similar in America.

I have said that Father Hudson was a recluse. He seldom went out during his later years, except to visit the neighboring convent of St. Mary's and to call upon one or two old friends in South Bend. But this was a habit developed in years when the community was too poor to afford travel and when editorial duties were combined with strenuous college teaching. In spirit he was anything else but a solitary. Originally he had come West in order to be, as he fondly hoped, an Indian missionary; and to the last he dearly loved the ends of the earth. A travel sketch would invariably tempt him, and he kept in close touch with missionaries in almost every part of the world. One "feature" of the *Ave Maria* was its ability to get money from subscribers—i. e., donations solicited only by calling editorial attention to some need—for struggling bands of the faithful in other lands. The sums collected for Austrian relief after the war (for which I did my share of pumping) were astonishingly large. Finally he had a generous regard for the individuality of all races and the universality of the Church which alone would have sufficed to prove his a distinguished mind.

But of course it was as a priest and theologian that he was particularly remarkable. The finest systematic philosophy of religion as yet developed in America can be found (I shall permit myself to say) in solution by those who study what he wrote for the *Ave Maria*. He was, to be sure, not so learned and abstruse a thinker as Brownson, or so effective a writer as Archbishop Spalding. But he had dedicated a genuinely classic intelligence to the study of the Church as a whole with so much humility and devotion that the result was a very, very rare synthesis of insight, experience and knowledge. Technically he knew a great deal, and in his earlier years could fence in argument with the best of them. For reasons of temperament and background he was an ardent Newmanite and an assiduous reader of the mystics. He had virtually learned the Blessed Henry Suso and Dame Juliana by heart long before their names meant anything to more than half a dozen people in America; and one of his more recent delights was the work of Richard Rolle, which British scholars had just then unearthed from oblivion. What really counted, however, was the serenity, the loyalty and the cleanness of heart with which his mind absorbed and restated all these things.

Cleanness of heart! The man was like a wax candle aflame. His must have been an early renouncement of all impureness, meanness, dross; and yet there was in him as an old man something like an incarnate power to forgive. The trouble with most theologians is that they do not know when to be dogmatic and when not to be dogmatic. They tend to leap from speculative analysis to often presumptive anathema. Father Hudson possessed the secret of how to be passive—the mystery of the handmaid's obedience, which was for him the central radiance of Marian devotion. It would never have occurred to him, at least when I knew him, to be sceptical or querulous. And yet he was in his attitude toward what is human in the Church surprisingly and refreshingly "liberal." He told me that he would have done precisely what the Abbé Bremond did when Father Tyrrell died; and it often seems to me that God's mercy, though infinite, cannot be more extensive than his conception of it was.

Upon me, then torn by waves of youthful unbelief and unsettled by war experience, this had the effect of healing coolness upon jagged nerves. His presence was a *locum refrigerii, lucis et pacis* —a symbol of that inner haven for which all Christians pray. It was impossible that he should have known just what a panorama he was unfolding. I saw, first of all, that while life had taught him to understand the full meaning of bitterness, he had victoriously resisted every temptation to be bitter. The scourge had been laid upon him; swords, of privation and ignominy, had pierced him, too. But he had smiled afterward, in the manner of his beloved Francis de Sales, because his was—by the grace of heaven—an unconquerable soul. It was as if a little piece of New England granite had been given the power of unceasing and never-searing fire.

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Possibly that suggestion of granite is not at all out of place. Father Hudson's life was the quintessence of American experience during a long and unusually stirring period. Though he had come West only in order to find his missionary desires frustrated, the epic of successive pioneer pushes into the hinterland, of the Indian's retreat from civilization, of early efforts to educate and mollify the passions of settlers cut adrift from the Old World, and of a fierce struggle with nature which seemed more elemental there than possible anywhere else, fascinated and absorbed his mind to the very last. It would have been difficult to find a person more unlike Lincoln; it would also have been hard to find one who understood Lincoln better. Father Hudson was miles removed from the pantheistic sentimentality which makes the Springfield mausoleum the tomb of a "saint risen from the loins of nature," and there was even more than a little of Hawthorne in him. But he knew and saluted the American when he saw him, and nothing could have taken away a jot from his confident and decent patriotism.

In short there was here—perhaps by very reason of the mantle of shyness and retreat—the most nearly ideal American Catholic I, personally, ever expect to meet. It is a source of keen regret that events prevented me from keeping up the friendship during the last years of his life. As he grew very old, his memory played him false; and when in reply to the last letter I wrote he sent three long answers, forgetting that he had mailed any, it seemed only fair to expect nothing more of him. But it would be as impossible to be separate from him, near or distant, living or dead, as it would be for the artist to sunder himself from his dream. Nothing I shall ever learn or say or do will be more than a supplement to his teaching. There is a hierarchy of values. His was a life which scaled that ladder to the top, going carefully, wisely, humbly and beautifully. Upon him there was set that mysterious seal of election which no amount of flagellating or coaxing oneself into sanctity can ever acquire. And though the life of the future is buried in shadow, being what eye hath not seen nor ear heard, there is a Light in Whose presence he cannot fail to be blessed.

TWO MINE FOREMEN

By ROBERT WHITCOMB

SUNDAY it snowed in large flakes. The Monongahela from the window looked dirty and angry. Through the storm you could just discern the cheap tin mosque of the Greek Catholic Church in West Brownsville. The city of dirty wooden hovels surrounding the church could not be hidden by the snow. Nor the outline of the barren hills of the coal-mining country on all sides. The dust of soft coal has darkened the landscape. The three Brownsvilles, nestling in a bend of the river, could be a beautiful Rhine village if it were not for the coal dust and the lack of trees. But the 80,000 people, largely coal miners, living near Brownsville, are proud of their underground wealth, and the fact that their region produces more soft coal than any other spot in America. American industry, after all, mass production and mechanical miracles, is based on soft coal; soft coal is made into coke; steel is made with coke. Once, away back, it was said that Pittsburgh would never amount to anything because it was too close to the metropolis of Brownsville; now, if it were not for coal, Brownsville would dwindle away. . . .

See the Lilley mine, we are told. That was one of the worst before NRA. Run by an independent company on a lease, a royalty is paid the owner. Being a small outfit, it competes with larger companies by underselling. As a result the miners there are worse wage slaves than in the "captive" mines; a purchase outside the company store (where prices are 30 percent higher than elsewhere) meant the sack. So we leave in the snow to see the Lilley mine; we do not see the miners there, however, because we happen to bump into Will Ryan. We hike up the tracks and across the railroad bridge into the railroad yards. Some engines are waiting with steam up, a coal tipple stands ready to feed coal into a coal car, lines of coal and box cars are on many tracks. Up the tracks is a shack with smoke coming from it, but when we get there it is locked, although we can see the enormous embers of a soft coal fire in the potbelly stove, and some open books on a rough desk. Then we see a man, the first sign of a human since we crossed the bridge. He is smoking a pipe with a yellow bit; his cap is new and light grey; he wears a short black jacket, the style which came in this winter. The snow flakes, large and soft, melt on the black, stick on the grey. He looms large from a distance, but closer he looks smaller; his face is Irish.

"Where is Daisytown?" we ask, and are told in brogue.

"And the Lilley mine?"

"That is down the tracks," he says, "and I am just going there. I am a foreman there. You can come with me if you like. My name is Ryan."

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I ask, "Not related to Martin?" I was thinking of the so-called insurgent leader, a roistering Irishman with great capacity for swinging a mass meeting of miners the way he likes; it was he who led the non-union captive miners to victory for recognition of the United Mine Workers, American Federation of Labor, even against the official opposition of that very union.

To my surprise the small man answers, "I am only his brother."

"I was only kidding," I said.

"Yeah, I am his brother, Will," he says, unsmiling.

It is very cold, and we keep our hands in our pockets, he and I smoking pipes. His eyes are grey, with narrow dark borders, and cold, quite cold. But he talks about the life in the mines, explaining to us who come from the city.

"No, there are not many Americans in the mines these days; Americans are leaving the mines; the work is too hard for them. Most of the miners are furriners; Croatians, some Roosians. Not many Americans. Negroes? Yes, lots of Negroes."

Small-statured men are usually fighters; Will Ryan looks as though he might be a capable driver of wage slaves; he smiles with difficulty. We approach the mine along the tracks; the electric lights blink around the tipple through the snow; even on Sunday the boiler rooms are warm, and fans blow air through the subways of the mine.

"I have a car," Ryan says, "but I just had to come up here to see some time sheets, and I could walk it as quick as I could put water in the radiator."

Later he shows us where he lives, a couple of miles away on the other side of the river; these miners must be hardy men; he lives there alone with his other brother. Martin, the insurgent leader, lives farther away, on thirty acres of ground, all by himself.

"Aren't you married?" we ask.

"No," Ryan says; "I did have a wife once."

We are in the patch, the rows of company houses where the miners live; each house is the same as the next; wooden buildings with a worn coat of paint, no foundations.

"They must be cold," Ryan says, "with no foundations; I would hate to live in one of them."

He puffs his pipe and does not smile. We pass the company store.

"Yes, the miners must buy there, so to speak. Not so strict as they used to be. The miners get their lights free—see, there are some lights burning on the porch there, in the daytime."

The wind sweeps off the river and no miner is to be seen peeping out; even through the windows we see few signs of life, although some of the chimneys are smoking.

We stand at the entrance to the shaft, which runs into the hill at a forty-five degree angle, and Ryan explains something of mining. At five in the morning the fire bosses go through every cranny of the mine with a safety lamp; black damp kills miners and costs the company compensation. The men check in here at the time clock, and file into the mine for their day's work. The pay under NRA hovers around $.40 a ton for loading; the miners must do their own timbering, track-laying, pay for their own dynamite and caps, tool, sharpening etc. Other things checked off their pay are fees for union or insurance, rent, doctor, and of course the bill at the company store. Some miners have their own cars, but the majority ride in another miner's car and pay him for transportation, unless they live right at the mine. Some try to get jobs without tools, but the company put a stop to that; a miner must come to work with a pick or two, a shovel, a wedge, etc.

Ryan stands in the cold with his hands in his pockets and talks like an automaton. Strikes, mass picket lines, state troopers, Coal and Iron police, National Guard, shooting, fighting, the sweep and scope of unionization and the organization of 80,000 miners, their wives and children, and the people in the towns living from the labor of the miners, the tremendous mass fight to gain better conditions, a little larger percentage of the profits and dividends—all the things which stir his brother Martin mean nothing much to Will. Will Ryan is a foreman in the mines, a machine to get the miners to get the coal out and into the lap of industry. We can get nothing opinionated out of him. We walk back in the lee of a long line of silent coal cars with the river swirling on our left. At the bridge Will Ryan swerves to go up the hill. A pal of his lives up there, batching; Will drinks beer with him. He smiles; his face is blue with cold; we divine that he did not really have to come out in weather like this to look at some time sheets—he has nothing much else to do with his time. . . .

The captive mines operated by the H. C. Frick Coke Company lie miles apart and in all directions from Brownsville: their names are picturesque (nicknames, most of them): Grindstone, Smock, Bobtown, Edenborn, Colonials 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. The efficiency of the Frick Company is the talk of everyone in the region except the miners. Several of the mines are connected with an underground belt system that brings the coal to the river for cheap transportation to Pittsburgh. The one we strike does not happen to be on this belt system, although it is one of a pair near each other and is working 600 men. We meet the night foreman after having gained permission from the super to enter the mine. He is standing in the foreman's shack, over six feet tall, solidly built, with a youngish face, boyish voice,

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but grey hair. He has the English name of House. He shakes hands awkwardly, shy, until we ask about a cylindrical lamp in his hands.

"Yes, it is a safety lamp, used by the fire bosses to locate gas, it works with precision, like this—" and he takes the lamp apart then and there, attempting, in elementary language, to explain the way it works. "Well, the words won't spring to my tongue, I'm no engineer, but that's the way it works, anyhow; no danger a-tall."

But walking through the subterranean passages of the mine, and meeting a miner, House is a different man; his head comes down on his shoulders, stooping to avoid the coal ceiling; he talks to the men in a quick, authoritative voice; he strides along the main haulage with a long gait, avoiding the débris that falls out of coal cars. His clothes are freshly washed work clothes, but he wears a filty cloth miner's cap, without the carbide lamp, and it is tilted on his head at a rakish angle. The coal mine opens out before him; he knows where every diagonal is and where every one of the hundred men who are on the night shift is working; he knows how much coal has been taken out during the day; he knows all this as though he saw it from an observation tower above.

We come to two men loading a car just after the coal has been cut and dynamited down; the iridescent stuff comes on the shovel in all forms from dust to lumps as large as a cubic foot. The men stop before their foreman and say nothing.

"Get your pick," says House; and one of the men steps up and taps the ceiling before he will let us step in and examine the wall of coal.

"When was the last man killed here? Well, we had a man killed here last week, but the way it happened was funny: he got caught in the reins of a horse that was pulling his coal car. His neck was broken. The horse cars pull the loaded coal to the main haulage; an electric mine motor brings it to the shaft."

But when we come up the 500-foot shaft on the cage and step out of the mine, and the super tells House to take us to the mine boarding-house for the night, he again becomes different.

"Do you ever write stories?" he asks.

"Yes," I say.

"I do too," says House, proudly.

We enter the beautiful colonial brick building which is used to house the company police and some of the mine strawbosses, and after we have eaten we sit down to talk with House and some cronies in their bedroom. A Colt with a broken handle is on the dresser. House opens his suitcase and brings forth some of his poetry.

One of them reads: "They say there's a depression on, and maybe there is, but what makes the depression is the feeling inside of us. We are suffering from fear and we have to get together and drive it out—don't let it get you. All pull together and break your back. . . . When we conquer the depression we will have a new race of men on earth. . . ." And so on.

Sitting in rockers in the crowded room, the men argue about NRA and the way things are going.

House says: "The individual man is gone forever. I know that. I used to have my own coal business. Now where is it?"

"But NRA is only for the big fellows," I say, "and the small ones are being squeezed out."

House leans forward with a glint, a friendly glint, but nevertheless a glint, in his eye: "What I say is—if a man don't pull together with NRA, he's a Red—that's all."

They sit there talking when we leave them for bed. I have never heard more confused conversation. They do not see the miners living in the squalid company patch up the hill. They reflect the super's version of the ancient Frick aversion to unionization—although the miners had just been "permitted" to vote under hothouse conditions for recognition of the United Mine Workers of America (as bad as the leadership is in that union), and the younger Frick miners are at last resenting the feudalism under which their fathers have worked all their lives. These attachés of the company, all better paid than the miners doing the hardest and dirtiest work, do not see the inequality of the low pay, and terror of the company police. To them a strike is unreasonable, and if Roosevelt plans to unionize the workers he is heading into danger. House talks as though the miners' families are pretty well off, living in the guarded company coal camp, marked off as the private property of Frick. But his family is not there; he is a free American, and doesn't like to live on the company property.

House is a foreman in the mines now, although he was once a superintendent, and after that in the coal business for himself. That was during the war, when greedy European armies demanded coal and more coal. Since then 200,000 miners have been unceremoniously weeded out of the coal industry, and production has fallen off. Since the depression unemployed miners have been living in unused coke ovens, starving, or working fourteen hours a day. NRA has cleared up some of this misery, interrupting a big strike in western Pennsylvania on the plea that the coal codes will give a better break to the miners. But the time is coming when coal mining and misery will not go together—as soon as the coal miners get together into a union that represents their interests.

We ask House about his children: "Do a foreman's kids go into the mines, too?"

"Well," he says, "my oldest boy ran away and got married, the fool; so now he is working in the mines like his pappy."

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OZANAM TELLS A STORY

By EDWARD MacTAMMANY DONNELLY

"LIKE you, I feel that the past is crumbling, that the foundations of the old building are wrecked, and that an appalling shock has altered the face of the earth. But what will rise out of the ruins? Will society remain buried under the rubbish of overthrown power, or will she reappear more brilliant, more youthful, more beautiful? Shall we see 'Novos coelos et novam terram'? There is the great question.

"I, who believe in Providence, and who do not despair of my country, I believe in a sort of palingenesis. But what will be the form of it? What will be the law of the new society? I do not undertake to decide."

Sounds like an open-minded gentleman "of the old school," writing of the new deal, doesn't it? Instead, it's a very young man indeed, a youth of seventeen, writing to a companion, early in the year 1831, from Lyons in France. Louis-Philippe was on a precarious throne, and Saint-Simonism was considered the social peril of the hour. Frédéric Ozanam had not yet left Lyons, had not yet thought of going to Paris to study law, was still engaged in his "literary formation." If, from the above, you still doubt his extreme youth, listen to the program he has laid out for himself, in the same letter:

"If I wish to write my book at thirty-five, I must begin at eighteen the preliminary labors, which are great in number. Actually to know a dozen languages (no less!), to consult sources and documents, to know tolerably well geology and astronomy, to be able to discuss the chronologic and cosmogonic systems of peoples and of learned men; to study, in a word, universal history in all its extent, and the history of religious belief in all its depth—that is what I have to do to attain to the expression of my idea."

This idea, it should be noted here, far from taking on, as yet, any of the social implications which were later to make it so effective, seems, at this time, to have been entirely historico-religious in intent, to judge from the following very "literary" development of it:

"I wander away then, across the nations and the ages, stirring the dust on all the tombs, rummaging the débris of all the temples, digging up all the myths, from the savages of Koock until the Egypt of Seostris, from the Indians of Vishnu to the Scandinavians of Odin. I examine the traditions of each people. I ask myself the origin, and the reason of them."

Rather a "large order" for a youth of seventeen years and nine months, as he himself seems to realize, in this additional passage which would at least defend him from the charge of utter blindness and conceit:

"You will cry out at this, you will make merry over the temerity of poor Ozanam; you will think of the frog in LaFontaine's fable, and of the *ridiculus mus* of Horace. You are right! I, also, have been astonished at my own boldness; but what is to be done? When an idea has seized upon you for two years, and taken the first place in your thoughts, impatient as it is to get out, are you strong enough to hold it back? When a voice cries to you without ceasing, 'Do this, I will it!', can you tell it to keep silence?"

Accordingly we find him at this time, contributing both in prose and in poetry to a publication in Lyons called the *Bee*. Lamartine has accepted the dedication to him of a 100-page defense of the Faith, called "Réflexions sur la doctrine de Saint-Simon." Law, however, not literature, is still the final goal of his studies, at least in the wishes of his father, for we find him in the fall of 1832 coming up on the train from Lyons to Paris to enter his course at the *Faculté de droit*.

Paris, at the time, was a chaos of unrest. Her citizens still remembered the terrible days of 1830, when violent hands had torn down the palace of the archbishop, and blind revolution had cast into the Seine the treasures, lost now forever to book-lovers, of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois. Discontent still smoldered in the unsatisfied hearts of the poor, and clouding the intellectual heights of the city hung a miasma of infidelity. A student was suspect who practised his religion. Only the irreligious were allowed to be clever.

Into this infected air came Frédéric Ozanam, determined to defend the Faith, to bring its truths before the eyes of men. But here was no place for historical-proofs, drawn from the glories of the past. Fourierists, materialists, deists, Saint-Simonians, all were bent on living in the present.

"When we attempted to recall to these wandering brothers the marvels of Christianity," Ozanam tells us, "they all said to us: 'You are right if you speak of the past. Christianity has formerly worked wonders; but today Christianity is dead. And you—you who would boast of being Catholics—what do you do? Where are the works which show your faith, and which would make it respected and admitted by us?'

"They were right," he continues; "this reproach was only too well merited. It was then that we said to each other: 'Very well; let us begin to work. Let our acts agree with our faith. . . . Let us help our neighbor as Jesus Christ has done,

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and put our faith under the protection of fraternal charity!' "

These young men knew nothing at all of the organization of a confraternity in the religious sense of the word. But they were, as students, accustomed to attend the student-discussion-clubs of the period, called *conférences d'histoire, conférences d'économie-politique,* etc., according to the subject treated. They did understand how to conduct such a meeting, and they would call theirs a *conférence de charité!*

Such were the literary origins of the lay apostolate. But it was to be in no sense a *parlotte,* or, as our collegians would term it, a "literary bull-session." Ozanam was very definitely of the opinion that "la religion sert moins à penser qu'à agir." His modest aim for them was, as he said (doubtless not without a smile): "Avant de régénérer la France, nous pouvons soulager quelques-uns de ses pauvres."

The first meeting was held in the offices of the *Tribune Catholique,* kindly offered by its editor, Bailly, who was prevailed upon to preside. Ozanam would never take higher office than the vice-presidency of the organization he founded, but no one ever had any doubt as to who was its organizer and vitalizing spirit.

This first meeting opened with a prayer, the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," that appeal to the Holy Spirit, Who had, two thousand years before, to use the expression of Lapérouse, "transformed poor fishermen into Apostles of Jesus Christ." Then they read a chapter of the "Following of Christ." They knew what they were to do. They would visit the poor in their homes; they would help them according to their modest means; but also, and most important, their talents were to be at their disposal for "all the services that educated men can render to the less-educated." Above all things, the poor were to be treated as friends, not as dependents.

All this is familiar enough for present-day attendants at St. Vincent de Paul Society meetings. But it might amuse them to know that at this first meeting, when they had come to this point, to the matter of visiting the poor, it turned out that none of them knew any poor persons! Students, and strangers in the city of Paris, what should they do? An idea! They would go to see Sister Rosalie, of the Rue Mouffetard, whose name is still held in benediction in Paris. Already famous as superioress of the Filles de la Charité, de Saint Vincent de Paul, she received them kindly, approved their project, and gave them a list of poor to visit. Due, doubtless, to the inspiration derived from this source, they decided to place their little society under the patronage of the great Saint Vincent de Paul, and the *conférences* bear his name to this day.

Seven men were present at this first *conférence de charité.* Now 13,800 conference-units of the St. Vincent de Paul Society contain nearly thirty thousand times that first number, or nearly 210,000 active members, and nearly as many honorary members who contribute support. The works it undertakes are as varied as the needs of humanity. Visits and direct relief to the poor; collecting of clothes, food and other supplies; medical and dental services of qualified members, given gratis; the procuring of work for the unemployed; personal aid given to all classes, from the infant in the foundling-asylum to the prisoner visited in prison; all the corporal works of mercy, and many more that modern needs have brought into being. It is not generally known that the infant society, in 1848, sent £6,000 (British) to Irish famine relief. Disbursements for the year 1932 reached 200,000,000 francs (unofficial minimal estimate).

Figures are hard to obtain, since so much is done "off the record." This, indeed, is one of the characteristics of the organization's spirit. "Don't ever let your children know we've helped you: we'll never tell them!", is one of their oft-repeated warnings. No one is to be humiliated, no one's poverty is to be uncovered to the world.

No wonder this little "literary club," founded by a youth of twenty, has grown in numbers and helpfulness so that Monsignor John A. Ryan of the Catholic University could say, in his "Catholic Encyclopedia" article on charity: "Where the St. Vincent de Paul Society lives up to the standard set by its founder, it is the most effective relief society in existence."

No wonder a Catholic bishop, speaking to the Catholic youth of his country, could say: "Do you wish to aid in the social crisis? Then first of all start, in your parish or school, a St. Vincent de Paul Society."

The Tree

(The Soul to Itself)

Ah, little soul! Thou art like a young tree springing,
God, Himself, planted thee, nursed thee into bloom;
Burst into beauty now, rapturously flinging
All thy love forth for Him, like blossomy perfume.

Give every bud! Each bloom! Never count or measure
What thou shalt give Him, if sight, or touch or scent,
Though He should say to thee not one word of pleasure,
Then just to *be* for Him, *that* is thy content!

Be not afraid! Falter not, nor feel forlorn!
Proud, let Him pluck all thy petals, one by one,
Proving thy love! Never shrink from being shorn,
Lovingly let them go, till the last is done!

How He will smile with delighted joy above thee,
Saying the while: "Ah, My little one doth love Me!"

S. C. N.

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THE HUMAN EDISON

By JOHN F. O'HAGAN

SHORTLY before eleven o'clock on the night of February 11, 1847, a tall, bewiskered man sat by an open fireplace in a little one-and-a-half-story brick cottage in Milan, Ohio. Sleigh bells jingled in the distance. It was four degrees below zero. In an adjoining room lay an expectant mother. The bells grew louder. The simple, stalwart sawyer donned a coonskin cap and a great woolen shawl, grasped a fish oil lantern and hurried out to hush the approaching merrymakers. In the arriving sleigh were two daughters of Samuel Edison. That night a son was born to him whose name was to be famous—one who thirty-two years later began the banishment of the fish oil lantern such as carried by his father and the tallow candles that burned in the humble room in which he was born.

The child of such lowly origin became the gentle, genial, generous genius, who broke the chains that had held men slaves to an agricultural servitude for thousands of years. The light of his illuminating ingenuity blazed trails up which mankind continues to climb to new heights. Time, the great common denominator, will give his true value to history. The United States cherishes him as one of her most illustrious sons. The world to which he gave such a volume of creature comforts reveres him as one of its greatest benefactors.

For more than half a century Thomas Alva Edison was one of the most universally publicized personalities in the world. Decades of cool, calculating, carefully conducted campaigns of research had created in him an attitude of calm austerity that came to be the generally accepted major estimate of his personality. But behind this serious exterior lurked a simple boyishness, a childish frankness and a tender-heartedness that tempered his tireless triumphs with occasional tears. This side of "The Wizard of Menlo Park," was known only to a few of his most intimate associates. These moments when sorrow sat with his solitude seemed to ride on the grey shadows that join daylight to dark.

"The dispensability of the indispensable" was a pet phrase the master mind used to express the total insignificance of a product or person in what he termed the "non-endingness of time." This phrase afterwards hung like a sword of Damocles over "the Old Man's" head.

Probably one of the greatest experimental teams of modern times was the inventor and his brilliant young Chief Chemist, J. Walter Aylsworth, who starting as a "lab" boy became, according to the inventor, one of the greatest empirical experimenters of the age. For thirty years there existed between these two great minds an accord and understanding akin to the mental harmony of the masters and pupils of ancient Greece.

Early one evening I found the Prince of Peerless Persistence in the library of his laboratory reading some penciled notes made by Aylsworth shortly before his death. I silently watched "the Old Man." The papers fell from his hand. Down went that magnificent head in surrender to sorrow. The last rays of the sun filtered through the windows to illumine the grief-contortioned countenance. I had an important telegram from Washington which I placed before him. He looked up. Moist messengers of melancholy memory dampened his face. Picking up the yellow sheets he said in a choked voice, "Aylsworth's notes. He died too young. He died too young."

The bushy eyebrows became knotted, his lips twitched in an effort to steel himself against the anguish of a great loss. The boy who grew to be his great assistant and whose title of Chief Chemist Edison never again conferred upon another, was gone. His going proved to the great genius that his pet phrase "the dispensability of the indispensable" was only a fine play of words after all.

A scene of pathetic memory occurred in Grand Central Palace, New York, a few years before Edison's death. A group of distinguished guests and Edison Pioneers met the inventor for a formal inspection of the miniature model of the two-story frame laboratory in which the scientist had done his greatest work at Menlo Park.

The scientist gazed upon the model for a moment and quickly turned away to the amazement of the onlookers. Going a few steps he suddenly about-faced and hurried back to the replica of his wonder-producing "lab." He bent down as if to study the area under the glass case in which the model was housed. He remained in that position to the consternation of his friends. Frank A. Wardlaw, secretary of the Pioneers, sensed the situation. Leaning down alongside "the Old Man" he heard stifled sobs. To relieve the pathetic tenseness he shouted to the deaf inventor, "There are no ghosts here." Without changing his position, Mr. Edison replied in a choking voice, "Yes, Wardlaw, here are the ghosts of yesterday." Mr. Wardlaw took the arm of his Old Chief as he wiped away the tears with the sleeve of his coat. Walking toward the waiting group, Edison greeted them with the cover-up remark, "It's hell when you have to sneeze and can't."

On a late October evening in 1916, I drove the inventor home from the laboratory after some long experiments with coal tar products. We were riding in a little, underslung, one-seated electric buggy. Entering the gate of Llewellyn Park, West Orange, I turned to the left to drive through the Glen, one of Nature's loveliest spots in that beautiful reservation. It was a favorite section with Edison. The drive is in a hollow between gracefully sloping, foliage-covered hills and terminates at the bottom of an old brown store quarry located directly in front of "Glenmont," the Edison estate.

"Whoa," called "the Old Man" whimsically, as we reached the bend in front of the quarry. I stopped the car. He stood up and slowly and wistfully gazed about.

The throatal tribulations of a lingering robin were lost on the deaf ears of the music-loving inventor of the phonograph. A gentle breeze sighed a sad symphony for the corpses of acorns, pine needles and leaves that carpeted the hillside. The dying rays of the sun sent silver streams like glistening ribbons that joined tree-top to tree-top.

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It was one of those inimitably beautiful autumnal canvases that only the Hand of Nature can paint. The breeze increased. The few remaining withering leaves clung frantically to the mothering branches now like boney arms robbed of their garments that bend to the breeze as though waving farewell to their departing children.

The strangely sad noises of the October eventide in that beautiful bowl of Nature were augmented by human sounds. I looked at "the Old Man" intently watching this chameleon-like canvas. As the leaves of gold, green, russet and red fluttered down, he remarked in a melancholy tone, "Back to earth as will you and I." He sat down abruptly. I took a sly glance at him. He pulled down lower than usual his old gray fedora to hide the tears that streamed from his eyes.

"Drive home," he said in a voice full of sorrow. Up the hill I drove the sad, contemplative genius, moved to tears by the dying beauty of a fading October day and perhaps contemplating the fact that his own winter of years was upon him.

The illustrious experimenter indulged his sentimentality by playing on his favorite invention, the phonograph. "The old heart songs" as he called them, appealed to him most. Slumped in a chair with his right ear against a felt-padded horn to assist his deafness, Edison sadly sat late one afternoon in the music room on the third floor of the laboratory. He was playing the piece he loved the best, "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen." William H. Meadowcroft, his personal representative, and Mr. Wardlaw came upon him unnoticed. He played the piece again and again. He was suffused by the strains of that haunting melody. His old friends watched him as the tears trickled down his cheeks. He was abashed when he discovered their presence. With that alertness for which he was famous he noticed Mr. Meadowcroft smoking, and as an apology for his watering eyes he shouted, "Meadowcroft, why the hell do you smoke such asphyxiating cigars?"

Early one evening I found the scientist sitting at his large oak roll-top desk in the library of his laboratory. He was fidgeting with a letter. He did not notice me enter. I had an important statement that required his approval. I laid it before him. "The Old Man" was more disconsolate looking than I had ever seen him before. He gazed up and handed me the letter.

In a choking voice he said, "Sad news. It's from Dr. Dercum in Philadelphia. Tom [Edison's eldest son] is in bad shape. I saw him the other day. He's suffering terriby. But what more can I do for him?"

Tears tumbled down that majestic face paled to a whiteness almost matching the snowiness of his hair. The great genius whose test tubes and microscope had brought forth benefactions that had lightened the loads that had bended the backs of men for thousands of years was powerless to alleviate the suffering of his own boy. In the gathering twilight I left "the Wondersmith of the World," a sad, sobbing old man traduced by the tyranny of tears.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT IS LAW?

Beverly Hills, Calif.

TO the Editor: Recent lynchings that have caused so much discussion raise the questions: What is this thing called law that demands our respect and homage? And who are the true defenders of the law, the mob or the officials? When the laws of men are righteous and efficient and are an approximation of the Divine law they partake of its dignity and truth and should be honored. But the laws of men have made the law of God a mockery, and many are still worshiping the empty forms of civil legislation. The laws of man are profitable, says Saint Paul, only when they keep the law of God, and they are rendered unprofitable and worthless when they transgress it. Anti-lynching laws exist to prevent innocent people from being unjustly punished, but there is every reason to believe that there have been fewer innocent people unjustly punished by lynching than by due process of law. When this state of affairs exists, the public is in a quandary, and the nature of law should be briefly explained so that the public may know where to enlist its sympathies.

Law of any sort is the plan or pattern which orders or directs various classes of action. Physical and chemical laws direct or plan physical and chemical activities. Biological laws regulate the actions of living organisms, and rational laws regulate the thoughts and activities of men so as to direct them to their proper destinies in the Divine plan.

National law is intellectual when it regulates the thoughts of men, and it is called moral when it regulates the activities of men, or their ways and customs (*mores* means ways or customs) so that they will be constrained, voluntarily or otherwise, to respect the rights of other rational beings, both human and Divine. That is to say, its purpose is to protect the rights of others from unjust transgression. Modern laws, however, have a tendency to disregard the rights of God and to concern themselves solely with the rights of men. Materialists even say that human laws confer these rights instead of defend them. They consider human laws as the ultimate norm of right action. Such theorists naturally uphold these laws at any cost and teach others to defend them as sacred for no other reason than the fact that they are the law.

Since men are free, the moral law differs from all other kinds of law by its sanction, or the system of penalties attached to it which inflicts some form of suffering as a punishment for its free and deliberate violation. Violation of the rights of others unjustly inflicts suffering upon the innocent victim, and the law is intended to reverse this suffering and to inflict it upon the transgressor in just proportion to his guilt and as a penalty for debauching his rational power to restrain himself freely.

Although the rights of God and men are radically safeguarded by Divine law, human legislation further aims to protect these rights, since man is free and able to refuse recognition of the rights of others, both human

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and Divine. By the rights of God we mean the claim or privilege of the Supreme Designer reasonably to expect His plan to be carried out, and by the rights of man we mean his privilege or claim freely to work out the plan of his rational nature and existence in conformity with the Divine plan, and without undue interference from others. Thus Christ reduced all laws to two, the first intended to protect the rights of God and the second to protect the rights of men. The rights of men, therefore, do not come from the law, but rather the law exists to protect the rights of men. This, in fact, is the fundamental distinction between the Catholic and materialistic viewpoint.

Human law is merely an approximation of the rights of others which are determined by God, Who gives every rational creature the right and the duty of freely working out his personal character and eternal destiny. It is merely a clearer definition of the law of God by men for the convenience of men. Its sole purpose and end, from a social point of view, is to protect the rights of innocent men from the unjust aggression of other men. This is the only reason which justifies its existence, from a human point of view, and when it fails to accomplish, it ceases to command the respect of men. When the rights of the public are frequently exploited in favor of the rights of the criminal, when the law becomes more solicitous in protecting the rights of criminals, and crime increases because of this exploitation, the people are justified in taking the law into their own hands, in setting aside forms, and inflicting such condign penalties as are necessary to protect their God-given rights from frustration by man-made laws and criminals. By giving the law a chance to operate first, men sometimes lose the chance of enforcing it themselves. It is unfortunate, to be sure, that we have come to such a barbarous state, but it is more unfortunate that officials and social leaders should be so slow to recognize the truth.

EVERETT RADCLIFF HARMAN.

THE BUDGET AND THE SALES TAX

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In an article in the January 19 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, Mr. Arnold S. Potter endeavors to show that a balanced budget will be of great assistance in restoring confidence, and that it should be the main objective of the government to restore a normal condition in the country. Mr. Potter thinks that a sales tax is the best method of balancing the budget.

I do not underestimate the fact that a government cannot long survive while operating under an annual deficit. What I do say is that a balanced budget follows naturally upon normal conditions and in no sense can it be the cause of recovery. The depression was not caused by an unbalanced budget but the unbalanced budget was one of its results.

Mr. Potter thinks that the collapse of Germany in the early twenties was caused by an unbalanced budget. The primary reason for Germany's collapse was not on account of an unbalanced budget, but because that country had no gold, and therefore no means of obtaining credit. The United States has more than $4,000,000,000 worth of gold.

The sales tax, while temporarily contributing toward a balanced budget, would in a short period lose its effectiveness as a revenue producer because unemployment in the meantime would become more widespread. An attempt at this time to balance the budget by abandoning the A.A.A., P.W.A., C.W.A., and the other emergency agencies would only place us back where we were in 1932. Mr. Potter necessarily implies the abandonment of these measures when he states that "we should be both intelligent and strongminded enough to balance our budget now." What the patient needs is a major operation and not a palliative.

The only way in which the government can get money to meet its expenses is by taxation, and the only way it can obtain that tax is to put enough money in circulation to bring back normal conditions so that the people can be able to meet the country's demands on them.

According to economics and experience it is safe for a country to issue two and one-half currency dollars, and to have only twelve debt dollars, for every gold dollar. At the present time there are only about five billion currency dollars in circulation when there should be ten billion, and there are more than two hundred billion dollars in debts in this country when there should be only about fifty billions. It can easily be seen from these facts that what this country needs is not a sales tax but, as Mr. Roosevelt plainly indicated in his inaugural address, a driving "of the money-changers from the temple." There is a famine of money in this country, and only by employing drastic measures can we emerge from the depression.

How is this to be accomplished? First, by the seizure of all the gold in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Banks; second, by the revaluation of the gold dollar; third, by the remonetization of silver. It is only by doing these things that prosperity will return, the money-changers will be driven from the temple, and a balanced budget will be possible. America has reached the crossroads, which road will it take?

LAWRENCE JOSEPH BYRNE.

SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY

Green Bay, Wis.

TO the Editor: I just finished reading "St. Thomas Aquinas" by G. K. Chesterton and was wondering what influence it would have on non-scholastic philosophers.

Scholasticism is still unknown to the average American professor of philosophy and his students. Nearly everybody that reads anything more than the daily newspaper is acquainted with Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy," of which the patrons of public libraries have worn out many a copy. Now we have an excellent story of the master mind of medieval scholasticism but I doubt whether its lessons will penetrate into secular colleges.

Recently a professor of philosophy in a state university was discusing various systems of philosophy, and among

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them he wrote on the blackboard "Scholasticism" with a long dash, saying "stagnant." It is hard to believe that there can be such an amazing ignorance among men with university degrees and occupying university chairs. The minds of the students are similarly dim and dark, even the minds of the Catholic students that are among the audience. The non-Catholic university of Amsterdam, Netherlands, established a chair of scholastic philosophy a generation ago. The students of the state University of Utrecht requested a similar privilege and through the help of private contributions their wish was fulfilled. Can anyone imagine such broadmindedness among professors and students in a secular college in the United States?

Among the recent books on philosophy there is one entitled "An Introduction to Philosophy," by David R. Major of Indiana University, published by Doubleday, Doran and Company. The volume discusses the general philosophical problems usually found in the book of that kind. But the author seems to be as ignorant of scholastic philosophy as a new-born babe. Books of all philosophical schools are quoted, only scholasticism is ignored. There is, for instance, Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" but Gerard's "An Old Riddle and the Newest Answer" is absent.

Various introductions to philosophy are given as references but Maritain, Ryan, Dubray, Walshe, are not there.

Evolution is one of the questions discussed but Wassamann, O'Brien, Messenger, O'Toole, Dorlodot, Zahm, etc., are ignored.

The literature on religion is quite large but even Sheen's "God and Modern Intelligence," Schmidt's "The Origin and Growth of Religion," or Dawson's "Religion and Progress" are not found.

And so on; the Index "Catholica non leguntur" is applied in the references to philosophical literature at the end of every chapter.

On page 483 of the same volume there is a General Bibliography:

(1) Encyclopedias: "The Catholic Encyclopedia," so rich in philosophical contributions, is not mentioned.

(2) History of Philosophy: Turner, Miller, Stoeckl, Glenn, Walshe's, are not there.

(3) Introductions to Philosophy: Not one book written by a scholastic.

(4) General Treatises: The Stonyhurst Series, so highly praised by Dean Inge, Cardinal Mercier's works, Bandas's "Contemporary Philosophy and Thomistic Principles," are not known.

(5) Periodical Publications: There is the *Hibbert Journal, A Quarterly Review of Religion,* but not the *Dublin Review, Thought, Studies,* the *New Scholasticism,* the *Modern Schoolman* or the *Proceedings of the Catholic Philosophical Association.*

Now, who can answer this question: What can be done to open the minds of American non-Catholic philosophers to the most living, the most rational, the only practical of all systems of philosophy?

REV. GREGORY R. RYBROOK, O. Praem.

CENTURIES OF THE "JUST PRICE"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In answer to the request of L. J. M. for additional information about Archbishop Wichmann and the great era of the "just price," I submit the following partial list of representative authorities. Dr. Hugo R. Fack, I may add, the economist, who was formerly the general manager of a German firm, later in the inner circles of the banking world of Paris, is probably the foremost American authority.

The actual effects of the "just price" on usury have been studied comprehensively in the light of the economics of the great Saint Thomas Aquinas by Dr. Johann Uhde, University of Graz, who first pointed out the similarity of the ideas of Saint Thomas Aquinas and Silvio Gesell on money and economic life. For this and other research work in the economic ideas of Saint Thomas Pope Benedict XV specially commended Dr. Uhde.

With certain modifications fitting it to the common use of paper money, the actual system of Archbishop Wichmann was put into operation on a small scale recently, in Woergl, Austria. The mayor who devised this scheme informs me that he is an ardent admirer of Father Coughlin.

The list follows:

"Segen und Fluch des Geldes in der Geschichte der Völker," by Fritz Schwarz. Berne, 1931: Pestalozzi-Fellenburg Haus.

"Allgemeine Münzkunde und Geldgeschichte des Mittelalters," by L. V. Ebengreuth. 1926.

"Allgemeine Wirtschaftsgeschichte des Mittelalters und der Neuen Zeit," by Kulisher. 1928.

"The Golden Age of Business," by Dr. Hugo R. Fack. A pamphlet. San Antonio, Texas: Free Economy Publishing Company.

"Free Money," by John Henry Buechi. London: Search Publishing Company. San Antonio, Texas: Free Economy Publishing Company.

A complete list would exhaust the available space.

PAUL ERNEST ANDERSON.

HENRY FORD AND ROMANTIC CORK

Altoona, Pa.

TO the Editor: That is rather a depressing article, "Henry Ford and Romantic Cork," that Seumas O'Brien gives us in the January 19 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Perhaps it was the rainy season and cold when the writer, a returned exile, made his visit to the "rebel city" on the banks of the Lee. There is no "deep affection and recollection . . . and thus grow fonder sweet Cork of thee"—that stirred another exile, the author of "The Bells of Shandon." Before returning, Seumas O'Brien advises an adventure with Admiral Byrd to the South Pole, and to cultivate the "friendly propensities of the penguins." Isn't that asking too much? Few could qualify on those terms and would defer the visit. And how much they would miss! "Gone," declares Mr. O'Brien, "is the glory that was Cork." Henry Ford with his automobile plant has "destroyed the city" built by the

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Danes, and killed its romance; and he only a generation or two removed from the charming city of Cork! "God forgive Henry Ford" for this crime! Many will shout a loud "Amen" to this petition! No, Mr. O'Brien, the romance may be partially gone, but "the glory that was and is Cork," never! Look at the long list of distinguished writers and artists Cork has produced. It would be difficult to find another city of its size to equal her record.

Thackeray in his "Irish Sketch Book" specially noted the love of books and literature he found in his day "among the young and old" in the city of Cork. He praised highly this devotion of the people to things of the mind. The genius of the race was in bloom in Thackeray's day, and it still flowers. Look at a few of them. These names occur at once to readers of English literature: Maginn, founder of *Frazer's Magazine;* Father Prout (Reverend Francis O'Mahoney) author of "The Bells of Shandon"; Crofton Croker (the late "Boss" Croker was of the same family); Justin McCarthy, author of "The History of Our Own Times"; John Francis Maguire, publisher and editor; the priest author, Canon Sheehan, who wrote "Our New Curate" and other stories, born in Mallow, a suburb of Cork, it might be called; MacLise, the painter, a friend of Dickens; Barry, painter of the "Last Judgment," the protégé of Edmund Burke. And among the moderns, one recalls the author of "The Masquerader" and other popular novels, Mrs. Thurston, the daughter of Lord Mayor Madden; Daniel Corkery, author of "Munster Twilight" and other sweet and wholesome stories. Those are names that are familiar to anyone acquainted with modern English literature. Surely they add to "the glory that was Cork." Henry Ford cannot destroy them. "Romantic Cork may be dead and gone," but the spiritual and intellectual city by the "pleasant waters of the River Lee" still lives.

Perhaps Mr. O'Brien would tell THE COMMONWEAL readers of this phase—the literary life—of the city?

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

JUVENILE FICTION

Family, Mont.

TO the Editor: Indian boys and girls are like all boys and girls in their love for stories. They will listen to them by the hour. The boys who can read take the books I give them to the dormitory and read until the lights go out. Furthermore, they are idealists and imitators as well. Catholic fiction will give them ideals, and I'll wager they will imitate. A story of Catholicism truly lived will do more than the whole catechism understood only in theory.

Can you formulate some movement or plan to get Catholic fiction for our boys and girls? By this I mean story books like Father Finn's for the boys, and Isabel Clarke's for the girls. I am firmly convinced that those who are responsible for getting these books will be instrumental in doing a great deal of good. I have some Catholic fiction for the boys, but far from enough. The girls haven't any.

JOSEPH MCHUGH, S.J.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Ziegfeld-Shubert Follies

TOO MUCH, perhaps, has been said of the Shubert influence on the memorial edition of the "Ziegfeld Follies." The emphasis should be on the other side. The Ziegfeld influence has gone far to modify the Shubert tradition of Winter Garden shows, and to make of the present program something surprisingly light and glittering. I agree with those newspaper critics, not usually hypersensitive in such matters, who have complained of the essential vulgarity of some of the jokes and of the curtain lines in some of the scenes. But I have known many more sordid (though probably less vulgar) lines and scenes to pass the critical censure unnoticed in reviews of generally similar character—jokes on perversions, for example. It appears that the great god sophistication is tolerant of many matters so long as they do not offend his brother deity, the great god taste. Vulgarity is apparently a greater offense than degeneracy.

To many, I am sure, the chief interest in these revived "Follies" is the reappearance of Fannie Brice, who remains one of the truly great clowns of the stage. Like every other great clown, Miss Brice bases her work upon a sure knowledge of the serious arts of the theatre. It is because she knows her serious art so well that she can give each line and gesture that slight, almost imperceptible twist which lifts it into excruciating satire or farce. There is a distinct analogy between her work and that of an expert cartoonist. Restrained exaggeration in each case is the key to the perfection of the art. And just as a cartoonist can turn the opinion of a nation, Miss Brice, when she so wills it, can sweep an entire audience with her to tears. She does not show many sides of her wide talent in the present review, confining most of her work to mediocre slap-stick. But it is good to have her back on the boards, and to anticipate seeing her next year in material that gives her fuller scope. (At the Winter Garden.)

A Word on Maude Adams

A GENEROUS part of the Maude Adams magic lay in her voice and diction. This part may now be recaptured by those who listen to her re-creation of old plays over the radio network.

We are often bitterly disappointed when a tender memory of other years is brought back to us as a living reality. But Miss Adams permits no such disappointment for her radio audience. Her voice has lost none of its throaty and delicate charm, and her reading of lines, even when they are the somewhat stilted lines that crowded the drama of the early part of the century, dispels all notion that we were peculiarly naive when we found those lines thrilling. Miss Adams gives them an inflection and a timing which utterly remove their quality of mock heroics. Such a line, for example, as "every woman wants her man to fight for her," would bring roars of laughter if uttered by an actress of our present realistic school. But Miss Adams knows how to make

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these copy-book words sound as if they represented the deepest cry of a woman in mortal terror. She is able to accept such lines as a legitimate convention of the theatre, and to take the pains to translate them, by voice and intonation, into the plain statement of emotion they were intended to be. No stage dialogue is ever more than a heightened and sharpened convention for thoughts and words which people in real life would like to use but never do. The convention changes a bit from generation to generation, so that to each new crop of theatregoers the convention of their own days seems natural. But the naturalness is as much of an illusion as the stage settings themselves, or the sense of continuity achieved in spite of the break in acts and scenes. It would do many younger actresses good to listen to Miss Adams's masterly use of older conventions. For the rest of us, it is regained magic.

Salome Revived

MUCH water has flowed under our musical bridges since that far-away night in 1907 when Richard Strauss's "Salome" was first revealed to the American public at the Metropolitan Opera House. So horrified were some of the critics and most of the box-holders, that the opera was permitted only that one performance, and it took Oscar Hammerstein to make it fully known to New York when he presented it a couple of years later at the old Manhattan with Mary Garden in the title rôle. A quarter of a century ago the music sounded revolutionary, but listening to it as it was given at the Metropolitan in this year of grace, there seemed nothing in its score, at any rate, to astonish or appal. And how any ear could have failed to recognize the exquisite beauty of the last twenty minutes of the music is something which may well puzzle the opera-goer of today. These pages are among the most melodically satisfying in all operatic literature. That they should invest a theme which has few equals for utter depravity is an enormous pity, yet the fact remains that in them Strauss reached the height of his genius. Wilde's perverted version of the story of the daughter of Herodias of course belongs to the literature of pathology and must be repulsive to every normal man or woman, but Strauss, the composer, rises above his subject, and had he chosen another theme his opera would probably have had a far wider and deeper appeal.

The Metropolitan's production is on the whole excellent. Mme. Ljungberg's "Salome" while far from equalling that of either Mme. Fremstad's or Miss Garden's, is both vocally and dramatically satisfying, with the one exception of her cavortings in the Dance of the Seven Veils. Mme. Ljungberg is no dancer. The Herod of Mr. Lorenz, given his conception, is well carried out, and Mr. Schorr, despite the fact that his voice today is not the glorious organ it was in former years, is an impressive John the Baptist. Mr. Bodansky gives a brilliant reading of the score, and the scenery of Mr. Oenslager is quite in the mood of the action. Whether, however, "Salome" should take its place in the standard repertory of the Metropolitan is a question which may well be asked. Time has not softened the repulsiveness of the tale it tells.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

BOOKS

Wealth in Abundance

This Our Day: Approvals and Disapprovals, by James M. Gillis. New York: The Paulist Press. $4.00.

IN THE presence of such a bottomless gold mine as this book, one of the cardinal unwritten laws of book reviewing has to be broken. It is that Median and Persian law that the reviewer must not obtrude his own personality or existence. But before this masterpiece the laws are silent, and I must step before the curtain long enough to say that though I have been reviewing books for three decades and have become professionally routine-minded about them in consequence, this one is a marvel to me and an event in my life. Necessarily it will be the same with other readers. With its publication, something has happened in the world. To say this was a duty, and now that it is performed I return to the rules for the rest of this review.

Monthly for twelve years these essays have appeared in the *Catholic World* and have been admired, each on its individual merits, and perhaps forgotten or remembered in sections as able comments on the time. It is only when they are gathered in one volume (the cream of them) that one becomes aware that they constitute a consistent uniform philosophy, whatever the nominal topic of each. It is a philosophy of life and a criticism of life. Father Gillis, with a concealed smile, quotes the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" as calling Mr. Mencken the greatest critical force in America; but in all soberness this book reveals its author as the greatest critic in America.

He publishes his longing for someone to write a book that will "combine accurate scholarship with vivid literary style"; and without knowing it he has written that book. For to the mere lover of style, of words, of phrasing (of whom Father Gillis speaks slightingly, but who has his place) every page abounds in varied splendor. All the weapons of the stylist are his, wit, satire, a subdued eloquence that is more moving to the emotions than elaborate rhetoric, the indignation that strikes with a rapier instead of a bludgeon, and he disdains no small-arms; he borrows not only idiom but slang. But all with that restraint which marks the artist. To a woman who praised a man as being so well-dressed that everyone turned to look at him, Beau Brummell, then the last word in fashion, answered, "If anybody turned to look at him, he was *not* well dressed." That may stand as the measure of Father Gillis's style; it is so simple as to be rich. His style is not reminiscent of anybody; he made it himself. Among all the great authors of the time, for so this book stamps him, he makes his own individual place, considered merely as an artist in diction.

But this is a phase on which he evidently sets little store. And indeed it is a minor one, for it is not his manner but his matter that constitutes the great value of his book. It would take long to assay each nugget or gem in the wealth of Golconda, and it is utterly impossible to deal in a review with the specific items in this

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treasure chest of literature. No more can be done than to indicate scattered examples of his method, or to try to convey as much as possible of that method, and that can only be done feebly, for to do it fully would take another book.

Whatever he writes about, his target is always the same. Emerson said that if you look at the wake of a ship from the stern it is zigzag, but look over to the rim of the sea and you find it to be a straight line. So these monthly essays, each dealing with a different subject, have seemed to magazine readers to go in different directions. Collected, it is seen that they all go in the same direction; the wake straightens out. His subject is the eternal subject that has preoccupied mankind from prehistoric ages to our own little and transient and evanescent century. Catholics know what it is, but for that matter so did fetish-worshipers. And so, though they are not aware of it, do atheists.

In this light it matters not which of his multitude of contemporaneous subjects he is discussing, whether he is greeting Alfred Smith as the real victor in the campaign of 1928 or wondering why Sinclair Lewis got the Nobel prize. But, attempting to indicate a very few of his methods, it may be said that the most striking is his ruthless stripping off of pretense, however disguised, and next is his collaring loose thinking, bringing it to the bar of logic, and inflicting capital punishment on it in swift words that annihilate it. He is militant, not goody-goody; he says Christ was a "trouble-maker" and implies that Christians should imitate Him. "I abhor," he says, "the notion common among pious people that Jesus Christ was namby-pamby."

He demonstrates that the twentieth-century culture which we vaunt is a tabloid culture. "You step up to the counter and get your castor oil disguised with sarsaparilla"; you "painlessly absorb a little Nietzscheanism from the screen." He has an uncanny power of reducing fine words to the lowest common denominator. When Joseph Wood Krutch, writing learnedly about love, says that twentieth-century lovers have "lost the capacity of respecting their chief preoccupation" (love), Father Gillis interprets for him: "In other words, the kick has gone out of it." In one essay he analyzes Sinclair Lewis's realism, and says, "He meets the same people that we meet, but he sizes them up differently, and in some inexplicable way he finds out about them things we know they cannot be guilty of." Lewis's America "exists only in his own mean little mind."

Why talk of ourselves vaingloriously as moderns? In a hundred years it is we who will be the outmoded ancients. Why talk as if we had reached a summit? We talk of our time as if, for good or bad, there never was a time resembling ours; but "the Church remembers a dozen times like ours." When you talk of something that happened in history, the Church says, "I remember it. I was there."

He can prophesy. In our witches' dance over "prosperity" in 1928 he declared that " 'prosperity' very probably will be our ruin;" and 1929-1933 vindicated the prophecy with unexpected speed. Of our tumultuous rush

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NEXT WEEK

MUST PACIFISTS BE INTERNALISTS?, by Jean Burton, states simply the brief which indicts internationalism, especially international finance; she points to the slave relation of debtor and creditor wreaked by international finance, the swindling, the economic waste and confusion, the duplications of productive enterprises, the meddling in the internal affairs of one nation by alien nations, or by alien bankers and politicians, involving quite innocent citizens in embroglios often leading to war. Wedding of pacifist theories with theories of international interdependence the writer finds unfortunate and suggests that "a country not attempting to force its goods on the rest of the world while its own people did without them, but quietly attending to its own business" would set an example in removing the causes of war . . . . STRIKING AN ATTITUDE, by Robert McDonough, recounts the progressive—or, perhaps, recessive—states of mind of the younger generations emerging from high schools and colleges in the past few years who found no openings for themselves to earn a living and witnessed the startling revelations of the processes by which power and fortune were achieved in the old order. . . . THE PHILOSOPHERS LOOK AT SOCIETY, by Charles A. Hart, is a most important compendium of the findings of the members of the American Catholic Philosophical Association with regard to the fundamental aspects of human relations. It sums up the basic principles of Catholics toward social conditions, with special reference to modern theories of government and economics. . . . THE UNION PROGRAM IS OBSOLETE, by R. L. Wood, considers the problem of adjusting the unequal demands of trade groups in a corporative state; specifically, the conflict of A. F. of L. objectives with the NRA.

to deify the State and turn our salvation over to Uncle Sam, he asks if we "have outrun not only Fascism but all other theories of State absolutism." He warns against the idea of having "the nation run like a Ford factory." These last hints of danger have not yet been verified, but the whole book proves James M. Gillis to be a seer.

Lest Catholics imagine that the book is solely concerned with mundane things, it must be added that no book contains more spiritually inspiring chapters than does this. The chapters on his visit to the Vatican, on the Eucharistic Congress, for example, are so noble and elevating as to uncover one's head and take one's breath away. Yet he can say on another page, after demonstrating that a certain fact is obvious, "But when the Pope says it, some people think he is talking through his tiara." Here this review must end, not having even skimmed the book's surface; not having even scratched it. Readers of "This Our Day" will find themselves rich, the recipients of wealth bestowed in abundance.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Bermejo and Others

A History of Spanish Painting: Volume V, by Chandler Rathfon Post. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. $7.50.

PROFESSOR POST'S admirable "History" has now progressed far enough to include a volume on the Hispano-Flemish style in Andalusia. Anyone who cares for art will be tempted when he hears that this book deals with Bermejo primarily, and then with a number of other painters among whom Master Alfonso is the most famous. There is also a summary of the work of the Seville school during the first half of the fifteenth century, and appendices giving the results of recent investigations in early Spanish art. Since the study of anything Spanish calls for almost infinite patience and labor, one must be prepared for constant discussions of moot historical points. It is characteristic of Professor Post to reach no conclusion incautiously, and yet to differ with other scholars in a temperate and friendly way. When his "History" is completed, it will doubtless be the standard work of reference.

Bermejo was a truly great artist, and the twenty-seven illustrations which accompany the detailed study of his life and work bring together most of what everyone must have seen in order to know early Spanish art at its best. Professor Post cannot tell us everything we should like to know about the life of this elusive man, but he combs the evidence with loving care, holding that Bermejo must have been in direct contact with Flemish painting and that his visits to Italy were probably too fleeting and inconsequential to have been very fruitful. Whether he was of Semitic origin remains an open question, but his mission was "to create something essentially and powerfully Spanish." No doubt his masterpiece is the "Pieta" of Barcelona Cathedral, a painting unfortunately so long obscured by coats of bad varnish and the dust of centuries that for most of us Professor Post's commentary is some-

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thing akin to a revelation. And yet among all his pictures none seems more priceless than the dramatic "St. Michael," now in the London collection of Lady Ludlow. Here is genuinely Spanish inspiration wedded to the technical magnificence of the Flemish. No better interpretation of Bermejo has been written than that afforded by Professor Post's chapters; and if there were nothing else in the volume it would be decidedly worth while.

But there is much more; for example, the skilful and well-informed discussion of Juan Sanchez de Castro, with which the volume virtually begins. Time has dealt unfairly with this painter, whose beautiful Virgin in Seville is now hardly more than a wraith of its pristine self. And as one thumbs the volume, so rich a panorama of artistic effort is unfolded that one can hardly help being grateful that Harvard has so effectively revived the tradition of Ticknor.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Excellent Creatures

Notes on a Cellar-Book, by George Saintsbury. Reissue with a preface by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN A BOOK packed with shrewd and wise observations no passage is more worthy of memorizing than the opening of the ninth chapter. It reads: "It may perhaps have been noticed by anyone who does me the honor to read this little book that I am rather partial to alcoholic liquors. No doubt they are bad things if you make yourself a slave to them; but then most things to which you make yourself a slave are bad—with some rare exceptions in the case of women, and then only because a few of them accept the slavery as reciprocal. I could, if I chose, bid adieu to all these liquors tomorrow without difficulty, though with very great regret. I have recently, and at various other times of my life, reduced my consumption to any desirable point. I think those who can drink them and do not, fools; but I think those who can't drink them and do, worse fools, and unjust men too, because they bring scandal on an excellent creature, and consume that share of it which should go to others." We experience a sense of loss when we think of "The History of Wines" which Professor Saintsbury intended to write but never did more than begin. It would undoubtedly have been a masterpiece. That he did write the smaller book is our only consolation.

Few if any of us will ever have the opportunity of tasting all the glorious wines and distillations discussed in this book. Professor Saintsbury never had the occasion to possess a large cellar, but in a long life he owned carefully chosen stocks of almost every variety of wine, and in his notes he begins with sherry, "even as the truly good and wise usually do at dinner." It is hard to leave such glowing names as Montilla and Amoroso even though the neighboring chapter discusses port, for "that port should follow sherry is, or ought to be, a thing requiring no argument." Of claret, "the queen of natural wines," and of burgundy, "the king," Professor Saintsbury is filled with praise, discriminating as always; and of cham-

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pagne he says that "nothing, perhaps, does you so much good, if you do not drink it too often."

The chapter on Hollands gin and whisky produces a nostalgia that cannot be appeased except at considerable expense today. Would that we could quote in reference to domestic products the line which Professor Saintsbury applies to Irish whisky when he remarks, "No spirit makes you appreciate so fully that beautiful line, 'And the soft wings of Peace cover him round.'" One would like to linger over the merits of rum, emphasize the author's denunciation of champagne- and moselle-cups—"If they are made of good wine they are wicked; if of bad, unpardonable"—agree that no beverage is better "to live with" than beer; but space will not permit. Mention must be made of the chapters on bottles and glasses and on cellar arrangements which lead to the sample menus and wine-lists which close the book.

The first American edition of this modern classic comes at a time when it is invaluable. It should be sipped, tasted, absorbed slowly, and like the treasures of which it treats it will repay your courtesy a hundredfold.

L. H. TITTERTON.

Captain Bligh

Men against the Sea, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

IN THE seventeenth century Daniel Defoe gave to the world a tale even more remarkable than "Robinson Crusoe," which concerned itself with the hardships endured by a group of men crossing the hot belt of Africa in search of an ivory cache. It was stark, terrible, exhilarating. This new book by the pair who wrote "Mutiny on the Bounty" has the same quality, though its setting is the sea.

Captain Bligh, the incorrigible rascal of the Bounty's quarterdeck, is cast off with nineteen men in a long boat well provisioned by the mutineer, Fletcher Christian. Immediately this rascal becomes a hero not merely in the narrator's eyes but in actuality, as he steers his frail craft across 3,600 miles of open ocean, through shark-infested waters, adventures with cannibals, monsoons and perils hardly less dangerous on shipboard, to safety under the Dutch flag.

Related by the ship's surgeon, the narrative takes on the physical reality that a man of medicine always gives when he is capable of writing clear English. The reader feels the physical and mental discomforts of the men as day after day their seemingly endless journey continues, sharing their disappointment at their inability to catch either fish or fowl, knowing the bitterness they feel when, too weak to hold a turtle heading down a beach for the sea, they lose their only chance at meat for days, exulting with them when the oyster stew with ship's biscuits gives them the first nourishment in days.

This book is stern stuff, parts of it nearly nauseate, yet it reveals, as not even Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" did, the hardships seamen were forced to undergo

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not many generations back. It reveals, too, what heights of courage and fortitude men can reach when the demand is put upon them. Some day a book of this character, but lacking the melancholia of "All Quiet on the Western Front" may give us a truer insight into the World War. But as for the sea, it's say has been said in this new masterpiece.

STUART D. GOULDING.

Boston Irish

The Tumult and the Shouting, by Ursula Parrott. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

IN THE first two sections of this book, the author goes back from the present some twenty and forty years, respectively, to tell the stories of two preceding generations of Boston Irish. And across her pages the figures move somewhat woodenly. In a matter of fact manner they perform certain acts required by the plot; they are correctly garbed in the costumes of the period; and the author occasionally attempts to add a few authoritative historical details of the time in order to give some sense of reality to the atmosphere. But, for the most part, she fails in this, and her shadowy figures are about as warm and real as persons hurriedly described in a newspaper report by a hack journalist.

When Miss Parrott reaches book three, however, and begins on the modern generation, then we feel her power. She is at home here, and the story moves rapidly and spiritedly and full-bloodedly to its conclusion. She knows young people who were tired out mentally and spiritually by the war—the men who came back to the dull and commonplace, having escaped the glamorous and thrilling death they had rather expected; the women, on the way to being, as one of them says, "hard and bored." And the old people, who dimly sense that the younger generation is living in a world "rather more remote from their comprehension than the heavenly mansions."

Each of Miss Parrott's generations commits its indiscretions, those of the present being, naturally, more vividly and comprehensively described. As the years go by and the young people increasingly desert the standards of their fathers there comes the inevitable sense of futility. The experiments have been fun but they have led to no haven of peace or satisfaction. And the latest generation that thought they represented the flower of civilization found that they were "just sea foam, froth on beer, like the cavaliers and the coffee house wits."

Through it all the author notes a similarity of action and of mistakes. After all, the grandfathers and the grandmothers went through the same fundamental crises as did the mothers and the fathers, the sons and the daughters. And Miss Parrott concludes with an implied insistence on the necessity of a return to the more solid and sober satisfactions, and to the Faith, if there is to be attained any pleasurable sense of continuity in life. Having told her story, she sits tranquilly, like Father Tom, "knowing the good God understands the hearts of men, the wild tumult of youth that passes soon and leaves long years for the earning of the everlasting mercy."

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Briefer Mention

The Cambridge History of American Literature; edited by William Peterfield Trent, etc. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY now reissues the "Cambridge History" in three attractive volumes, priced so low that almost anybody who needs them can help himself. No other general work on American literature is so helpful or so dependable. Naturally the chapters, written by different authorities, are not all equally good, and the plan as a whole was, perhaps, a bit unwieldy. But the student looking for information can generally find it, and the reader interested in form will sometimes be delighted. We have always regretted that Mr. Paul Elmer More, author of some of the best parts of the history, did not write a separate treatment of Orestes Brownson—a man far more vigorous, interesting and important than Jonathan Edwards. It must also be borne in mind that the work as a whole is now fourteen years old. Despite all this, the three volumes belong by virtue of necessity in every serious American library.

The English Folk-Play, by E. K. Chambers. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.75.

PROFESSOR CHAMBERS'S new book is a kind of appendage to "The Medieaval Stage" and concerns itself with the development, forms and associations of the Mummers' Play. This was, as everyone knows, an early English *ludus* which introduced a contest between Saint George and an enemy, at the close of which the said enemy is resurrected from the dead. Recent scholarship has unearthed a great many texts, has learned something at least of the circumstances under which the Play was produced, and has above all dug up a number of continental affinities. All this Professor Chambers illustrates, discusses and elucidates with his usual competence. The volume is limited in range but indispensable to the student of early drama. It stresses above all the interesting problem of the extent to which such performances as the Mummers' Play incorporated pagan traditions and customs.

CONTRIBUTORS

F. C. HANIGHEN and H. C. ENGELBRECHT are co-authors of a book on the armament industry, "Merchants of Death," to be published in February.

ROBERT WHITCOMB contributes articles to current periodicals.

EDWARD MACTAMMANY DONNELLY is a teacher, now studying for his Ph.D., Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

S. C. N. is a member of a religious order in Kentucky.

JOHN F. O'HAGAN was associated with Mr. Edison at Menlo Park.

GRENVILLE VERNON, author of "The Image in the Path," is a publisher and a critic of literature and music.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for New York journals. His latest book is "Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents."

PAUL CROWLEY is a translator and writer of literary comment.

L. H. TITTERTON is associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

STUART D. GOULDING is on the staff of the Albany *Times-Union*.

GLENN QUIPTT is the author of "Principles of Publicity" and a forthcoming book on the pioneer West.

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